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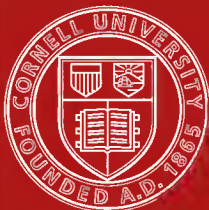
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Vol. XIX

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JULY, 1906

No. 1

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY E I B E R T H U B B A R D

*How else can we reach heaven save through love?
Who ever had a glimpse of the glories that lie
beyond the golden portals save in loving moments?*

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

A N D

ELIZABETH SIDDAL

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Little Journeys for 1906

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Will be to the Homes of Great Lovers

The Subjects are as Follows:

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- 2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
- 3 Dante and Beatrice
- 4 John Stuart Mill and Harriet Taylor .
- 5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
- 6 Petrarch and Laura
- 7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti & Elizabeth Siddal
- 8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
- 9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
- 10 Ferdinand Lassalle & Helene von Donniges
- 11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
- 12 Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne

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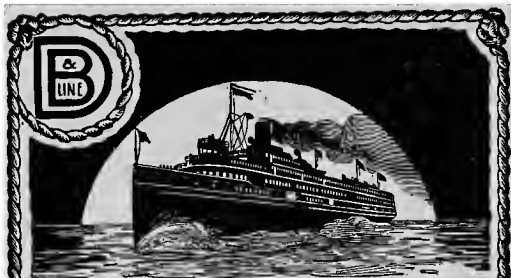
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Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

GREAT LOVERS

Dante Gabriel Rossetti
and Elizabeth Siddal



Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
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Dante Gabriel Rossetti and
Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal

LOVE'S LOVERS

SOME ladies love the jewels in Love's zone,
And gold-tipped darts he hath for painless play
In idle scornful hours he flings away;
And some that listen to his lute's soft tone
Do love to vaunt the silver praise their own;
Some prize his blindfold sight; and there be they
Who kissed the wings which brought him yesterday
And thank his wings to-day that he is flown.

My lady only loves the heart of Love:
Therefore Love's heart, my lady, hath for thee
His bower of unimagined flower and tree.
There kneels he now, and all a-hungered of
Thine eyes gray-lit in shadowing hair above,
Seals with thy mouth his immortality.

—DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AND ELIZABETH ELEANOR SIDDAL



WHEN an ambitious young man from the “provinces” signified to Colonel Ingersoll his intention of coming to Peoria and earning an honest living, he was encouraged by the Bishop of Agnosticism with the assurance that he would find no competition.

Personally, speaking for my single self, I should say that no man is in so dangerous a position as he who has no competition in well doing. Competition is not only the life of trade but of everything else. There have been times when I have thought that I had no competition in truth-telling, and then to prevent complacency I entered into competition with myself and endeavored to outdo my record.

The natural concentration of business concerns in one line, in one locality, suggests the advantages that accrue from attrition and propinquity. Everybody is stirred to increased endeavor; everybody knows the scheme which will not work, for elimination is a great factor in success; the knowledge that one has is the acquirement of all. Strong men must match themselves against strong men—good wrestlers will need only good wrestlers. And so in a match of wit rivals outclassed go unnoticed, and there is always an effort to go the adversary one better.

Our socialist comrades tell us that “emulation” is the

LITTLE JOURNEYS

better word and that "competition" will have to go. The fact is that the thing itself will ever remain the same; what you call it matters little. We have, however, shifted the battle from the purely physical to the mental and psychic plane. But it is competition still, and the reason competition will remain is because it is beautiful, beneficent and right. It is the desire to excel. Lovers are always in competition with each other to see who can love most.

The best results are obtained where competition is the most free and most severe—read history. The orator speaks and the man who rises to reply would better have something to say. If your studio is next door to that of a great painter you would better get you to your easel, and quickly, too.

The alternating current gives power: only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all good things require difficulty. The Mutual Admiration Society is largely given up to criticism.

Wit is progressive. Cheap jokes go with cheap people, but when you are with those of subtle insight, who make close mental distinctions, you should muzzle your mood, if perchance you are a bumpkin.

Conversation with good people is progressive, and progressive inversely, usually, where only one sex is present. Excellent people feel the necessity of saying something better than has been said, otherwise silence is more becoming. He who launches a commonplace where high thoughts prevail is quickly labeled as one who is with the yesterdays that lighted fools a-down

their way to dusty death. ¶ Genius has always come in groups, because groups produce the friction that generates light. Competition with fools is not bad—fools teach the imbecility of repeating their performances. A man learns from this one, and that; he lops off absurdity, strengthens here and bolsters there, until in his soul there grows up an ideal, which he materializes in stone or bronze, on canvas, by spoken word, or with the twenty odd little symbols of Cadmus.

¶ Greece had her group when the wit of Aristophanes sought to overtop the stately lines of Æschylus; Praxiteles outdid Ictinus; and wayside words uttered by Socrates were to outlast them all.

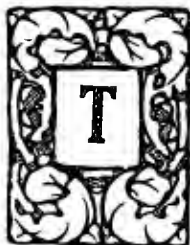
Rome had her group when all the arts sought to rival the silver speech of Cicero. One art never flourishes alone—they go together, each man doing the thing he can do best. All the arts are really one and this one art is simply Expression—the expression of Mind speaking through its highest instrument, Man.

Happy is the child born into a family where there is a competition of ideas, and the recurring theme is truth ☪ ☪

This problem of education is not so much of a problem after all. Educated people have educated children and the recipe for educating your child is this: Educate yourself.



LITTLE JOURNEYS



THE Rossettis were educated people, each was educated by all and all by each. Individuality was never ironed out, for no two were alike and between them all were constantly little skirmishes of wit, and any one who tacked a thesis on the door had to fight for it. Luther Burbank rightly says that children should not be taught religious dogma. The souls of the Rossettis were not water-logged by religious belief formulated by men with less insight and faith than they.

In this they were free. And so we find the father and mother, blessed by exile in the cause of liberty, living hard, plain lives, in clean yet dingy poverty, with never an endeavor to "shine" in society or to pass for anything different than what they were, and never in debt a penny to the haberdasher, the dressmaker, the milliner or the grocer. When they had no money to buy a thing they wanted, they went without it.

Just the religion of paying your way and being kind would be a pretty good sort of religion, don't you think so?

So now, behold this little Republic of Letters, father and mother and four children: Maria, Christina, Dante Gabriel and William Michael.

The father was a poet, musician and teacher. The mother was the housekeeper, adviser and critic, and supplied the necessary ballast of commonsense, without which the domestic dory would surely have turned



Dante Gabriel Rossetti

turtle. ¶ Once we hear this good mother saying, "I always had a passion for intellect and my desire was that my husband and my children might be distinguished for intellect, but now I wish they had a little less intellect so as to allow for a little more common-sense."

This not only proves that this mother of four very extraordinary and superior children had wit, but it also seems to show that even intellect has to be bought with a price.

I have read about all that has been written concerning Rossetti and the Preraphaelite Brotherhood by those with right and license to speak. And among all those who have set themselves down and dipped pen in ink, no one that I have found has emphasized the very patent truth that it was a woman who evolved the "Preraphaelite Idea," and first exemplified it in her life and housekeeping.

It was Frances Polidora Rossetti, who supplied Emerson that fine phrase, "Plain living and high thinking." Of course, it might have been original also with Emerson but probably it reached him via the Ruskin and Carlyle route.

Emerson also said, "A few plain rules suffice," but Mrs. Rossetti ten years before put it this way, "A few plain things suffice." She had a horror of debt which her husband did not fully share. She preferred cleanly poverty and honest sparsity, to luxury on credit. And in her household she had her way. Possibly it was making a virtue of necessity, but she did

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it so sincerely and gracefully that prenataally her children accepted the simplicity of their Preraphaelite home as its chief charm.

Without the Rossettis the Preraphaelite Brotherhood would never have existed. It will be remembered that the first protest of the Brotherhood was directed against "Wilton carpets, gaudy hangings, and ornate, strange and peculiar furniture."

Christina Rossetti once told William Morris that when she was but seven years old her mother and she congratulated themselves on the fact that all the furniture they had was built on straight and simple lines, that it might be easily cleaned with a damp cloth. They had no carpets, but they possessed one fine rug in the "other room" which was daily brought out to air and admire. The floors were finished in hard oil and on the walls were simply the few pictures that they themselves produced, and the mother usually insisted on having only "one picture in a room at a time, so as to have time to study it."

So here we get the very quintessence of the entire philosophy of William Morris—a philosophy which has well been said has tinted the entire housekeeping world ☪ ☪

In his magazine, somewhat ironically called "Good Words," Charles Dickens ridiculed, reviled and berated the Preraphaelite Idea. Of course, Dickens did n't understand what the Rossettis were trying to express. He called it pagan, anti-Christian, and the glorification of pauperism. Dickens was born in a

debtor's prison—constructively—and he leaped from squalor into fussy opulence. He wrote for the rabble, and he who writes for the rabble has a ticket to Limbus one way. The Rossettis made their appeal to the Elect Few. Dickens was sired by Wilkins Micawber and dammed by Mrs. Nickleby. He wallowed in the cheap and tawdry, and the gospel of sterling simplicity was absolutely outside his orbit. Dickens knew no more about art than did the prosperous beefeater who being partial to the hard sound of the letter, asked Rossetti for a copy of "The Gurm," and thus supplied the Preraphaelites a title they thenceforth gleefully used ☪ ☪

But the abuse of Dickens had its advantages—it called the attention of Ruskin to the little group. Ruskin came, he saw, and was conquered. He sent forth such a ringing defence of the truths for which they stood that the thinking people of London stopped and listened. And this caused Holman Hunt to say, "Alas! I fear me we are getting respectable."

Ruskin's unstinted praise of this little band of artists was so great that he convinced even his wife of the truth of his view and as we know she fell in love with Millais "the prize-taking cub" and they were married and lived happily ever after.

Ruskin and Morris were both born into rich families where every luxury that wealth could buy was provided. Having much they knew the worthlessness of things—they realized what Walter Pater has called "the poverty of riches." Dickens had only taken an imagin-

ary correspondence course in luxury, and so Wilton carpets and marble mantels gave him a peace which religion could not lend. A Wilton carpet was to him a Christian prayer rug.

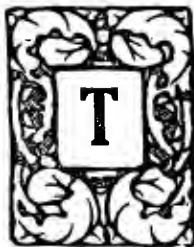
The joy of discovery was Ruskin's—he found the Rossettis and gave them to the world. Ruskin was a professor at Oxford and in his classes were two inseparables, William Morris and Burne-Jones. They became infected with the simplicity virus and when Burne-Jones went up to London, which is down from Oxford, he sought out the man who had painted "The Girlhood of the Virgin," the picture Charles Dickens had advertised by declaring it to be "blasphemously idolatrous." ❧ ❧

Burne-Jones was so delighted with Rossetti's work that he insisted upon Rossetti giving him lessons; and then he wrote such a glowing account of the Rossettis to his chum, William Morris, that Morris came up to see for himself whether these things were true.

Morris met the Rossettis, spent the evening at their home, and went back to Oxford filled with the idea of Utopia, and that the old world would not find rest until it accepted the dictum of Mrs. Rossetti, "A few plain things suffice."

It was a woman who brought about the Epoch.





HE year 1850 was rich in gifts for Rossetti. He was twenty-two, handsome, intellectual, gifted, the adored pet and pride of his mother and two sisters, and the hero of the little art group to which he belonged. I am not sure but that the lavish love his friends had for him made him a bit smug and self-satisfied, for we hear of Ruskin saying, "Thank God he is young," which remark means all that you can read into it.

At this time Rossetti had written many poems and at least one great one, "The Blessed Damozel." He had also painted at least one great picture, "The Girlhood of the Virgin," a canvas he vainly tried to sell for forty pounds, and which later was to be bought by the nation for eight hundred guineas, and now cannot be bought for any price, but may be seen by all, on the walls of the National Gallery.

Four numbers of "The Germ" had been printed and the venture had sunk into the realm of things that were, weighted with a debt of one hundred and twenty pounds. Of the fifty-one contributions to "The Germ," twenty-six had been by the Rossettis. Dante Gabriel, always a bit superstitious, felt sure that the gods were trying to turn him from literature to art, but Christina felt no comfort in the failure.

Then came the championship of Ruskin, and this gave much courage to the little group. Doubtless none knew they stood for so much until they had themselves explained to themselves by Ruskin.

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Then best of all came Burne-Jones and Morris, adding their faith to the common fund and proving by cash purchases that their admiration was genuine.

"The Blessed Damozel" was inspired by Poe's "Annabel Lee," only Rossetti carried the sorrow clear to paradise while Poe was content to leave it on earth. Being a painter of pictures as well as picturing things by words Rossetti had in his mind some one who might pose for the Damozel. She must be stately, sober, serious, tall, and possess "a wondrous length of limb." Her features must be strong, individual, and she must have personality rather than beauty. A pretty woman would never, never do.

Christina wrote a beautiful sonnet about this Ideal Woman. Here it is:

One face looks out from all his canvases
One self-same figure sits or walks or leans:
We found her hidden just behind those screens,
That mirror gave back all her loveliness.
A queen in opal or in ruby dress,
A nameless girl in freshest summer-greens,
A saint, an angel—every canvas means
The one same meaning, neither more nor less.
He feeds upon her face by day and night,
And she with true kind eyes looks back on him,
Fair as the moon and joyful as the light:
Not wan with waiting, not with sorrow dim;
Not as she is, but was when hope shone bright;
Not as she is, but as she fills his dream.

Dante Gabriel was becoming moody, dreamy and melancholy but not quite so melancholy as he thought he was, since the divine joy was his of expressing his

melancholy in art. People submerged in melancholy are not creative.

Rossetti was quite sure that nature had never made as lovely a woman as he could imagine, and his drawings almost proved it. But being a man he never gave up the quest.

One day Walter Deverell, one of the Brotherhood, came into Rossetti's studio and proceeded to stand on his head and then jump over the furniture. After being reprimanded and then interrogated as to reasons he told what he was dying to tell—i. e., "I have found her!" Her name was Elizabeth Eleanor Siddal, and she was an assistant to a milliner and dressmaker in Oxford Street. She was seventeen years old, five feet, eight inches high and weighed one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair was of a marvelous coppery low tone and her features were those of Sappho. None of the assembled Brotherhood had ever seen Sappho but they had their ideas about her. As to whether the dressmaker's wonderful assistant had intellect and soul did not trouble the young man. Dante Gabriel, the Nestor of the group, twenty-two and wise was not to be swept off his feet by the young and impressible enthusiasm of Deverell, aged nineteen.

He sneezed and calmly continued his work at the easel, merely making inward note of the location of the shop where the "find" was located.

Two hours later Rossetti perceiving himself alone, laid aside his brushes and palette, put on his hat and walked rapidly toward Oxford Street. He located the

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shop, straggled past it, first on one side of the street, then on the other, and finally boldly entered on a fictitious errand.

Miss Siddal was there. He stared at her; she looked at him in half disdain. Suddenly his knees grew weak—he turned and fled.

Deverell boldly stalked the quarry the next day in company with his mother, who was a customer of the shop. He failed to get an interview. A little later the mother went back alone, and put the matter before Miss Siddal in a purely business light.

Elizabeth Eleanor was from a very poor family.

Her father was an auctioneer who had lost his voice, and she was glad to increase the meagre pay she was receiving by posing for the artists. She was already a model—setting off bonnets and gowns, and her first idea was that they wanted her for fashion plates. Mrs. Deverell did not disabuse her of this idea.

And so she posed for the class at Rossetti's studio, duly gowned as angels are supposed to be draped and dressed in paradise.

Mrs. Deverell was present to give assurance, and all went well. The young woman was dignified, proud, with a fine but untrained mind. As to her knowledge of literature she explained that she had read Tennyson's poems because she had found them on some sheets of paper that were wrapped around a pat of butter she had bought to take home to her mother.

¶ Her general mood was one of silent good nature, flavored with a dash of pride, and an innocent curiosity

to know how the picture was getting along. It has been said that people who talk but little are quiet either because they are too full for utterance, or because they have nothing to utter. Miss Siddal was reserved because she realized that she could never talk as picturesquely as she could look. People who know their limitations are in the line of evolution. The girl was eager and anxious to learn, and Rossetti set about to educate her. In the operation he found himself loving her with a mad devotion.

The other members of the Brotherhood respected this very frank devotion and did not enter into competition with it, as they surely would have done had it been merely admiration. They did not even make gentle fun of it—it was too serious a matter with Rossetti—it was to him a religion, and was to remain so to the day of his death. Within a week after their meeting, "The House of Life" began to find form. He wrote to her and for her and always and forever she was his model. The color of her hair got into his brush and her features were enshrined in his heart.

He called her "Guggums" or "Gug." Occasionally he showed impatience if any one by even the lifting of an eyebrow seemed to doubt the divinity of the Guggums. ¶ There was no time for ardent wooing on his part, no vacillation nor coyness on hers. He loved her with an absorbing passion—loved her for her wonderful physical beauty, and what she may have lacked in mind he was able to make good.

And she accepted his love as if it were her due, and as

if it had always been hers. She was not agitated under the burning impetus, no, she just calmly and placidly accepted it as a matter of course.

It will hardly do to say that she was indifferent, but Burne-Jones was led by Miss Siddal's beautiful calm to say, "Love is never mutual—one loves and the other consents to be loved."

The family of Rossetti, his mother and sisters, must have known how much of the ideal was in his passion. Mentally, Miss Siddal was not on their plane, but the joy of Dante Gabriel was their joy, and so they never opposed the inevitable. He, however, acknowledged Christina's mental superiority by somewhat imperiously demanding that Christina should converse with Miss Siddal on "great themes."

Ruskin has added his endorsement to Miss Siddal's worth by calling her "a glorious creature."

Dante Gabriel's own descriptions of Elizabeth Eleanor are too much retouched to be accurate, but William Rossetti, who viewed her with a critical eye describes her as "tall, finely formed, with lofty neck, regular yet uncommon features, greenish-blue unsparkling eyes, large perfect eyelids, brilliant complexion and a lavish wealth of dark molten-gold hair."

In the diary of Madox Brown for October 6, 1854: "Called on Dante Rossetti. Saw Miss Siddal, looking thinner and more death-like, and more beautiful and more ragged than ever; a real artist, a woman without parallel for many a long year. Gabriel as usual diffuse and inconsequent in his work. Drawing wonderful and

lovely Guggums one after another, each one a fresh charm, each one stamped with immortality, and his picture never advancing. However he is at the wall and I am to get him a white calf and a cart to paint here; would he but study the Golden One a little more. Poor Gabriello!"

In Elizabeth Eleanor's manner there was a morbid languor and dreaminess, put on, some said for her lover like a Greek gown, and surely encouraged by him and pictured in his Dantesque creations. Always and forever for him she was the Beata Beatrix.

His days were consumed in writing poems to her or painting her, and if they were separated for a single day he wrote her a letter, and demanded that she should write one in return, to which we hear once of her gently demurring. She, however, took lessons in drawing, and often while posing would work with her pencil and paper.

Ruskin was so pleased with her work that he offered to buy everything she did, and finally a bargain was struck and he paid her one hundred pounds a year and took everything she drew.

Possibly this does not so much prove the worth of her work as the generosity of Ruskin.

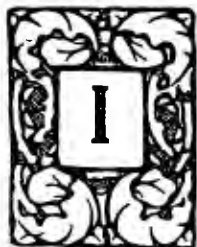
The dressmaker's shop had been able to get along without its lovely model, and art had been the gainer. At one time a slight cloud appeared on the horizon—another "find" had been located. Rossetti saw her at the theatre, ascertained her name and called on her the next day and asked for sittings.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Her name was Miss Burden. She was very much like Miss Siddal, only her face was pale and her hair wavy and black. She was statuesque, picturesque, of good family, and had a wondrous poise. Rossetti straightway sent for William Morris to come and admire her. William Morris came, and married her in what Rossetti resentfully called "an unbecoming and insufficiently short space of time."

For some months there was a marked coldness between Morris and Rossetti, but if Miss Siddal was ever disturbed by the advent of Miss Burden we do not know it. Whistler has said that it was Mrs. Morris who gave immortality to the Preraphaelites by supplying them stained glass attitudes. She posed as Saint Michael, Gabriel and Saint John the Beloved, and did service for the types that required a little more sturdiness than Miss Siddal could supply. The Burne-Jones dream-women are a composite of Miss Siddal and Mrs. Morris, but Rossetti painted their portraits before he saw them, and loved them on sight because they looked like his Ideal.





IN 1855, after Dante Gabriel and Elizabeth Eleanor had been engaged for five years, Madox Brown asked Rossetti this very obvious question, "Why do you not marry her?" One reason was that Rossetti was afraid if he married her he would lose her. He doted on her, fed on her, still wrote sonnets just for her, and counted the hours when they parted before he could see her again. Miss Siddal was not quite firm enough in moral and mental fibre to cut out her own career. She deferred constantly to her lover, adopted his likes and dislikes and went partners with him even in his prejudices. They dwelt in Bohemia, which is a good place to camp, but a very poor place in which to settle down.

The precarious ways of Bohemia do not make for length of days. Miss Siddal seemed to fall into a decline, her spirits lost their buoyancy, she grew nervous when required to pose for several hours at a time. Rossetti scraped together all of his funds and sent her on a trip alone through France. She fell sick there and we hear of Rossetti working like mad on a canvas so as to sell the picture and send her money.

When she returned, a good deal of her old time beauty seemed to have vanished—the fine disdain—that noble touch of scorn was gone, and Rossetti wrote a sonnet declaring her more beautiful than ever. Ruskin thought he saw the hectic flush of death upon her cheek.

Sorrow, love, ill health, poverty, tamed her spirit, and

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JOURNEYS

Swinburne telling of her, years after, speaks of "her matchless loveliness, courage, endurance, humor and sweetness—too dear and sacred to be profaned by any attempt at expression."

Rossetti writing to Allingham says, "It seems to me when I look at her working, or too ill to work, and think of how many without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit have granted them abundant health and opportunity to labor through the little they can or will do, while perhaps her soul is never to bloom, nor her bright hair to fade, but after hardly escaping from degradation and corruption all she might have been must sink again unprofitably in that dark house where she was born. How truly she may say, 'No man cared for my soul.' I do not mean to make myself an exception, for how long have I known her, and not thought of this till so late—perhaps too late."

In Rossetti's love for this beautiful human lily there was something very selfish, the selfishness of the artist who sacrifices everything and everybody, even himself to get the work done.

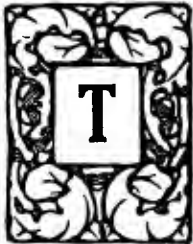
Rossetti's love for Miss Siddal was sincere in its insincerity. The art impulse was supreme in him and love was secondary. The nine years' engagement, with the uncertain, vacillating, forgetful, absent-minded habits of erratic genius to deal with, wore out the life of this beautiful creature.

The mother instinct in her had been denied—nature had been set at naught, and art enthroned. When the physician told Rossetti that the lovely lily was to fade

and die, he straightway abruptly married her, swearing he would nurse her back to life. He then gave her the "home" they had so long talked of, three little rooms, one all hung with her own drawings and none other. He petted her, invited in the folks she liked best, gave little entertainments, and both declared that never were they so happy.

She suffered much from neuralgia, and the laudanum taken to relieve the pain had grown into a necessity.

¶ On the tenth of February, 1862, she dined with her husband and Mr. Swinburne at a nearby hotel. Rossetti then accompanied her to their home, and leaving her there went alone to give his weekly lecture at the Working Men's College. When he returned in two hours he found her unconscious from an overdose of laudanum. She never regained consciousness, breathing her last a few hours later.



HE grief of Rossetti on the death of his wife was pitiable. His friends feared for his sanity, and had he not been closely watched it is possible that one grave would have held the lovers. He reproached himself for having neglected her. He cursed art and literature for having seduced him away from her, and thus allowed her to grope her way alone. He prophesied what she might have been had he only

LITTLE JOURNEYS

devoted himself to her as a teacher, and by encouragement allowed her soul to bloom and blossom. "I should have worked through her hand and brain," he cried. ¶ He gathered all the poems he had written to her, including "The House of Life," and tying them up with one of the ribbons she had worn, placed the precious package by stealth in her coffin, close to the cold heart that had stopped pulsing forever. And so the poems were buried with the body of the woman who had inspired them.

Was it vanity that prompted Rossetti after seven years to have the body exhumed and recover the poems that they might be given to the world? I do not think so, else all men who print the things they write are inspired by vanity. Rossetti was simply unfortunate in being placed before the public in a moment of spiritual undress ☞ Everybody is ridiculous and preposterous every day, only the public does not see it, and therefore the acts are not ridiculous and preposterous. The conduct of the lovers is always absurd to the onlooker, but the onlooker has no business to look on—he is a false note in a beautiful symphony, and should be eliminated.

☞ Rossetti in the transport of his grief, filled with bitter regret, and a welling heart for one who had done so much for him, gave into her keeping as if she were just going on a journey, the finest of his possessions. It was no sacrifice—the poems were hers.

At such a time do you think a man is revolving in his mind business arrangements with Barabbas?



Elizabeth Siddal

100

A

The years passed and Rossetti again began to write, for God is good.

The grief that can express itself is well diluted, in fact grief often is a beneficent stimulus of the ganglionic cells. The sorrow that is dumb before men and which if it ever cries aloud, seeks first the sanctity of solitude, this is the only sorrow to which Christ in pity turns His eye or lends His ear.

The paroxysms of grief had given way to calm reflection. The river of his love was just as deep, but the current was not so turbulent. Expression came bringing balm and myrrh. And so on the advice of his friends, endorsed by his own promptings, the grave was opened and the package of poems recovered.

It was an act that does not bear the close scrutiny of the unknowing mob. And I do not wonder at the fierce hate that sprang up in the breast of Rossetti when a hounding penny-a-liner in London sought to picture the stealthy ghoul-like digging in a grave at midnight and the recovery of what he called "a literary bauble." As if the man's vanity had gotten the better of his love, or as if he had changed his mind! Men who know know that Rossetti had not changed his mind—he had only changed his mood.

The suggestion that gentlemen poets about to deposit poems in the coffins of their lady-loves should have copies of the originals carefully made before so doing, was scandalous. However, when this was followed up with the idea that Rossetti should, after exhuming the poems, have copies made and place these back in

LITTLE JOURNEYS

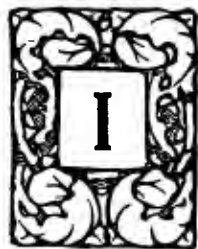
the coffin, and that the performance of midnight digging was nothing less than petit larceny from a dead woman, witnessed by the Blessed Damozel leaning over the bar of Heaven—in all this we get an offense in literature and good taste which in Kentucky or Arizona would surely have cost the penny-a-liner his life.

If these poems had not been recovered the world would have lost "The House of Life," a sonnet series second not even to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and the immortal sonnets of Shakespeare.

The way Rossetti kept the clothing and all the little nothings that had once belonged to his wife revealed the depth of love—or the foolishness of it, all depending upon your point of view. Mrs. Millais tells of calling at Rossetti's house in Cheyne Walk in 1870, nearly ten years after the death of Elizabeth Eleanor, and having occasion to hang her wraps in a wardrobe, perceived the dresses that had once belonged to Mrs. Rossetti hanging there from the same hooks with Rossetti's raiment. Rossetti apologized for the seeming confusion and said, "You see, if I did not find traces of her all over the house I should surely die."

¶ A year after the death of his wife Rossetti painted the wonderful Beata Beatrix a portrait of Beatrice sitting in a balcony overlooking Florence. The beautiful eyes filled with ache, dream and expectation are closed, as if in a transport of calm delight. An hour glass is at hand and a dove is just dropping a poppy—the flower of sleep and death—into her open

hands. Of course the picture is a portrait of the dear, dead wife, and so in all the pictures thereafter painted by Dante Gabriel for the twenty years he lived, you perceive that while he had various models, in them all he traced resemblances to this first, last and only passion of his life.



IN William Sharpe's fine little book, "A Record and a Study," I find this:

As to the personality of Dante Gabriel Rossetti much has been written since his death, and it is now widely known that he was a man who exercised an almost irresistible charm over those with whom he was brought in contact.

His manner could be peculiarly winning, especially with those much younger than himself, and his voice was alike notable for its sonorous beauty and for the magnetic quality that made the ear alert when the speaker was engaged in conversation, recitation or reading. I have heard him read, some of them over and over again, all the poems in the "Ballads and Sonnets," and especially in such productions as "The Cloud Confines" was his voice as stirring as a trumpet note, but where he excelled was in some of the pathetic portions of "The Vita Nuova" or the terrible and sonorous passages of "L'Inferno," when the music of the Italian language found full expression indeed. His conversational powers I am unable adequately to describe, for during the four or five years of my intimacy with him he suffered too much to be a brilliant talker, but again and again I have seen in-

stances of that marvelous gift that made him at one time a Sidney Smith in wit and a Coleridge in eloquence. In appearance he was if anything rather above middle height, and, especially latterly somewhat stout; his forehead was of splendid proportions, recalling instantaneously the Stratford bust of Shakespeare; and his gray blue eyes were clear and piercing, and characterized by that rapid penetrative gaze so noticeable in Emerson. He seemed always to me an unmistakable Englishman, yet the Italian element was frequently recognizable; as far as his own opinion was concerned he was wholly English. Possessing a thorough knowledge of French and Italian he was the fortunate appreciator of many great works in their native tongue, and his sympathies in religion, as in literature, were truly catholic. To meet him even once was to be the better for it ever after; those who obtained his friendship cannot well say all it meant and means to them; but they know they are not again in the least likely to meet with such another as Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

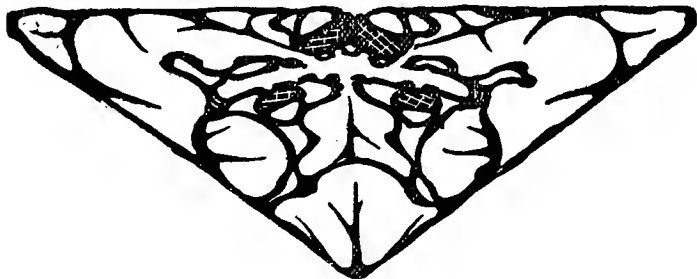
In Walter Hamilton's book, "Æsthetic England," is this bit of most vivid prose:

Naturally the sale of Rossetti's effects attracted a large number of persons to the gloomy old-fashioned residence in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and many of the articles sold went for prices very far in excess of their intrinsic value, the total sum realized being over three thousand pounds. But during the sale of the books, on that fine July afternoon, in the dingy study hung round with the lovely but melancholy faces of Proserpine and Pandora, despite the noise of the throng and the witticisms of the auctioneer, a sad feeling of desecration must have crept over many of those who were present at the dispersion of the household goods and







gods of that man who so hated the vulgar crowd. Gazing through the open windows they could see the tall trees waving their heads in a sorrowful sort of way in the summer breeze, throwing their shifty shadows over the neglected grass-grown paths, once the haunt of the stately peacocks, whose mediæval beauty had such a strange fascination for Rossetti, and whose feathers are now the accepted favors of his apostles and admirers. And so their gaze would wander back again to that mysterious face upon the wall, that face as some say the grandest in the world, a lovely one in truth, with its wistful, woeful, passionate eyes, its sweet, sad mouth with the full red lips; a face that seemed to say the sad old lines:

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

And then would come the monotonous cry of the auctioneer to disturb the reverie, and call one back to the matter-of-fact world which Dante Gabriel Rossetti, painter and poet, has left—Going!—Going!—Gone!



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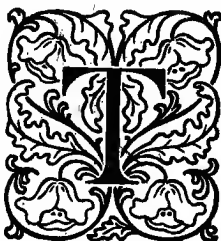
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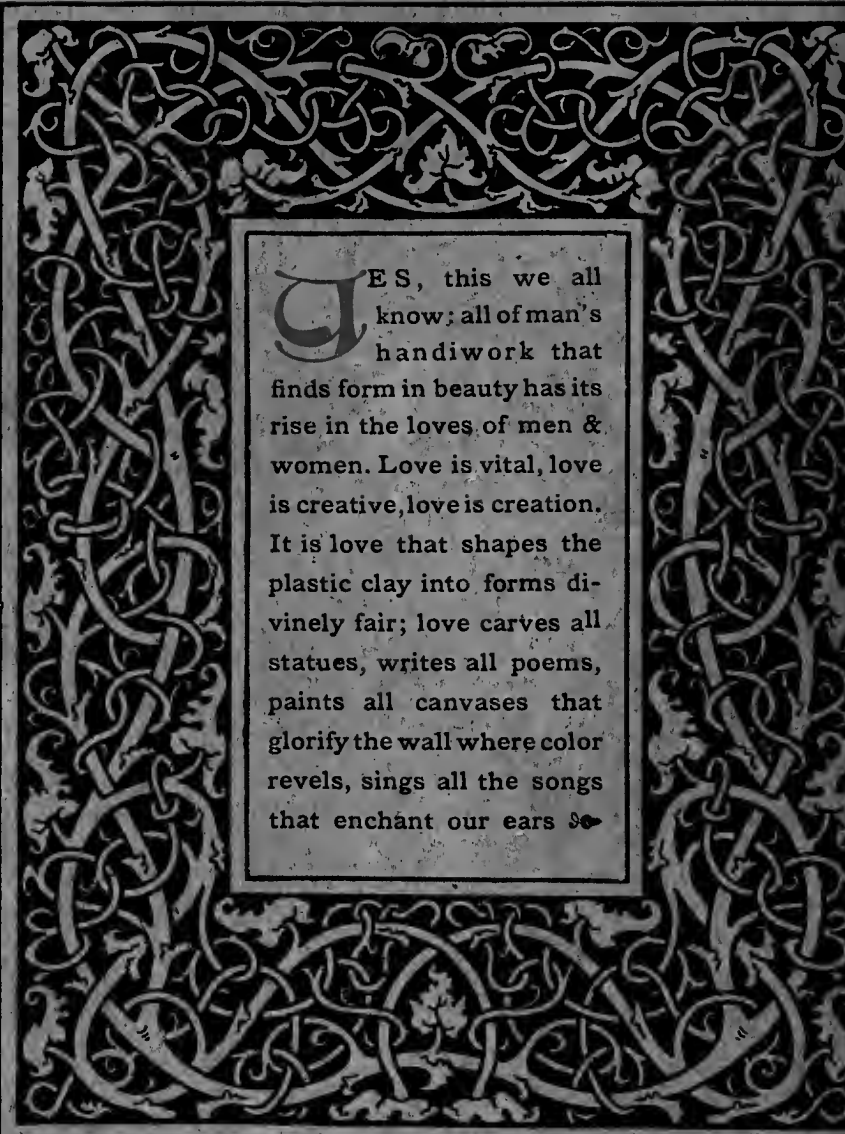
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plastic clay into forms di-
vinely fair; love carves all
statues, writes all poems,
paints all canvases that
glorify the wall where color
revels, sings all the songs
that enchant our ears

Vol. XIX

AUGUST, 1906

No. 2

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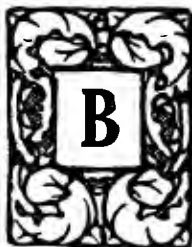
Balzac

B a l z a c a n d
M a d a m e H a n s k a

A THOUGHT entered my heart, such as God sends to make us willing to bear our griefs. I resolved to instruct and raise this corner of the earth, as a teacher brings up a child. Do not call it benevolence, my motive was the need I felt to distract my mind. I wanted to spend the remainder of my days in some arduous enterprise. ✽ The changes to be introduced into this region, which nature had made so rich and man had made so poor, would occupy my whole life; they attracted me by the very difficulty of bringing them about. I wished to be a friend to the poor, expecting nothing in return. I allowed myself no illusions, either as to the character of the country people or the obstacles which hinder those who attempt to ameliorate both men and things. I made no idyls about my poor; I took them for what they were.

—THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

Balzac and Madame Hanska



ALZAC was born in 1799. The father of Balzac, by a not unusual coincidence, also bore the name of Balzac. And yet there was only one Balzac. This happy father was an officer in the commissary department of Napoleon's army, and so never had an opportunity to win the bauble reputation at the cannon's ~~de~~ mouth, nor show his quality in the imminent deadly breech. He died through an earnest but futile effort, filled with the fear of failure, to so regulate his physical life that repair would exactly equal waste, and thus live on earth forever.

The mother of our great man was a beauty and an heiress. Her husband was twenty-five years her senior. She ever regarded herself as one robbed of her birthright, and landed at high tide upon a barren and desert domestic isle. Honore, her first child, was born before she was twenty. Napoleon was at that time playing skittles with all Europe, and the woman whom fate robbed of her romance, worshipped at the shrine of the Corsican, because every good woman has to worship something or somebody. She saw Napoleon on several occasions and once he kissed his hand to her when she stood in a balcony and he was riding through the street. And there their intimacy ended—a fact much regretted in print by her gifted son years afterward.

¶ Six years of Balzac's life, from his sixth to his

LITTLE JOURNEYS

thirteenth year, were spent in a monastery school, a place where fond parents were relieved by holy men of their parental responsibilities for a consideration. ¶ Not once in the six years' time was the boy allowed to go home or visit his parents. Once a year, on Easter, his mother came to see him and expressed regret at the backward state of his mind.

Balzac's education was gotten in spite of his teachers and by setting at naught the minute and painstaking plans of his mother. This mother lived her life a partial invalid, whimsical, querulous, religious overmuch, always fearing a fatal collapse; in this disappointed, for she finally died peacefully of old age, going to bed and forgetting to waken. She was to long survive her son, and realize his greatness only after he was gone, getting the facts from the daily papers, which seems to prove that the newspaper does have a mission.

Possibly the admiration of Balzac's mother for the little Corporal had its purpose in God's great economy. In any event her son had some of the Corsican's characteristics.

In the big brain of Balzac there was room for many emotions. The man had sympathy plus, and an imagination that could live every life, feel every pang of pain, know every throb of joy, die every death.

In stature he was short, stout, square of shoulder and deep of chest. He had a columnar neck and carried his head with the poise of a man born to command. The scholar's stoop and the abiding melancholy of the supposed man of genius were conspicuous by their absence.

His smile was infectious, and he was always ready to romp and play. "He has never grown up; he is just a child," once said his mother in sad complaint, after her son had well passed his fortieth milestone.

The leading traits in the life of Balzac were his ability to abandon himself to the task in hand, his infinite good nature, his capacity for frolic and fun, and his passion to be famous and to be loved.

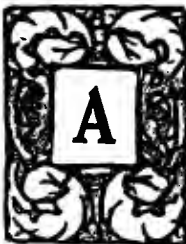
Napoleon never took things very seriously. It will be remembered that even at St. Helena he had the mood to play sly jokes on his guards, and never forgot his good old habit of stopping the affairs of state to pinch the ears of any pretty miss, be she princess or chambermaid, who traveled without an escort.

Upon the statuette of Napoleon, Balzac in his youth once wrote this: "What he began with the sword I will finish with the pen."

Only once did Balzac see Napoleon, probably at that last review at the Carrousel, and he describes the scene thus in one of his novels: "At last, at last! there he was, surrounded with so much love, enthusiasm, devotion, prayer—for whom the sun had driven every cloud from the sky. He sat motionless on his horse, six feet in advance of the dazzling escort that followed him. An old grenadier cried: 'My God, yes, it was always so—under fire at Wagram—among the dead in the Moskowa, he was quiet as a lamb, yes, that is he!' Napoleon rode that little white mare, so gentle and under such perfect control. Let others ride plunging chargers and waste their energy and the strength of

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their mount in pirouettes for the admiration of the bystanders—Napoleon and his little white horse were always quiet when all around was confusion. And the hand that ruled the Empire stroked the mane of the little white mare, so docile that a girl of ten would have been at home on her back. That is he—under fire at Wagram, with shells bursting all around—he strokes the mane of his quiet horse—that is he!”



S Balzac emerged out of boyhood into man's estate he seemed to have just one woman friend, and this was his grandmother. He didn't seem to care for much more. With her he played cards, and she used to allow him to win small sums of money. With this money he bought books—always books.

He had great physical strength, but was beautifully awkward. The only time he ever attempted to dance he slipped and fell, to the great amusement of the company. He fled without asking the dancing-master to refund his tuition.

He was morbidly afraid of young women, and as fear and hate are one, he hated women, “because they had no ideas,” he said. His head was stuffed with facts, and his one amusement was attending the free lectures at the Sorbonne. Here he immersed himself with data about every conceivable subject, made infinite note-

books, and sought vainly for some one with whom he could talk it all over.

In the absence of a wise companion with whom he could converse he undertook the education of his brother Henry, who was not exactly a prodigy and could not get along at school. Great people are teachers through necessity, for it is only in explaining the matter to another that we make it clear to ourselves. Not finding enough to do in teaching his brother, Balzac advertised to tutor boys who were backward in their studies.

His first response came from Madame de Berney, who had a boy whom the teachers could not control.

That is the way—we buy our tickets to one place and fate puts us off at another! “Put me off at Buffalo,” we say, and in the morning we find ourselves on the platform at Rochester.

Madame de Berney was the mother of nine, and she was just twenty-two years older than Balzac. The son she wished to have tutored was weak in body and not strong in mind. He was in his twentieth year—within a year of the same age of Balzac.

Balzac made a companion of the youth, treated him as an equal, and by his bubbling good nature and eager, hungry desire to know, inspired his pupil with somewhat of his own enthusiasm.

And in winning the pupil, of course he caught the sympathetic interest of the mother. No love affair had ever come to Balzac—women had no minds—all they could do was to dance!

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Madame de Berney was old enough to put Balzac at his ease. She it was who discovered him—no De Berney, no Balzac. And on this point the critics and historians are all agreed.

Madame de Berney was a gentle, intelligent, sympathetic and pathetic figure. She was no idle woman, warm on the eternal quest. She was a home-body intent on caring for her household.

Her husband was many years her senior and at the time Balzac appeared upon the scene M. de Berney, had he been consistent, would have passed off, but he did not, for paralytics are like threatened people—good life insurance risks.

A woman of forty-two is not old—bless my soul! I'll leave it to any woman of that age.

And Balzac at twenty was as old as he was at forty-two—a little more so perhaps for as the years passed he grew less dogmatic and confident. At twenty we are apt to have full faith in our own infallibility.

Madame de Berney was the daughter of a musician in the court of Marie Antoinette. In fact the queen had stood as her godmother and she had grown up surrounded by material luxury and a mental wilderness, for be it known that members of royal households, like the families of millionaires, are apt to be densely ignorant, being hedged in, shielded, sheltered and protected from the actual world that educates and evolves.

¶ Madame de Berney had been married at sixteen by the busy match-makers, and her life was one of plain marital serfdom. Her material wants were supplied,

but economic freedom had not been hers for she was supposed to account to her husband for every sou. Marriage is often actual slavery, and it was with Madame de Berney, until M. de Berney got on good terms with locomotor ataxia and placed his foot in one spot when he meant to put it on another.

Portraits of Madame de Berney show her to be tall, slender, winsome, with sloping shoulders, beautiful neck, and black melancholy curls drooping over her temples making one think of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In the presence of such a woman one would naturally lower his voice. Half mourning was to her most becoming. Madame de Berney was receptive and sympathetic and had gotten a goodly insight into literature. She had positive likes and dislikes in an art way. There were a few books she had read and reread until they had become a part of her being. At forty-two a woman is either a drudge, a fool or a saint. Intellect shines out and glows then if it ever does. From forty to sixty should be a woman's mental harvest time. Youth and youth's ambitions and desires are in abeyance. If fate has been kind she has been disillusioned, and destiny has used her for a door-mat, no matter. ¶ The silly woman is one who has always had her own way, and is intent on conquest as Chronos appropriates her charms and gives bulk for beauty.

The drudge is only a drudge and her compensation lies in the fact that she seldom knows it.

Madame de Berney had been disillusioned, and intellectual desire was glowing with a steady mellow light.

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She wanted to know and to be. And shooting through space comes Balzac, a vagrant comet, and their orbits being the same, their masses unite and continue in one course, bowled by the Infinite.

The leading impulse in the life of Balzac was to express—to tell the things he knew and the things he imagined. To express was the one gratification which made life worth living. And so he told Madame de Berney's son, and then Madame came into the class and he told her. We talk to the sympathetic and receptive—to those who are masters of the fine art of listening.

Soon the lessons were too advanced for the son to follow, and so Balzac told it all to Madame. She listened, smiled indulgently, sighed. They walked in the park and along country lanes and byways; the young tutor talked and talked, and laughed and laughed.

¶ Balzac's brain was teeming with ideas—a mass and jumble of thoughts, ideas, plans and emotions. "Write it out," said Madame in partial self-defence, no doubt. "Write it out!"

And so Balzac began to write poetry, plays, essays, stories. And everything he wrote he read to her. As soon as he had written something he hastened to hunt up "La Dilecta" as he called her.

Their minds fused in an idea—they blended in thought. He loved her, not knowing when he began or how. His tumultuous nature poured itself out to her, all without reason.

She became a need to him. He wrote her letters in

the morning and at night. They dined together, walked, talked, rowed and read.

She ransacked libraries for him. She sold his product to publishers. They collaborated in writing, but he had the physical strength that she had not, so he usually fished the story out of the ink bottle and presented it to her.

He began to be sought after. Fame appeared on the horizon. Critics rose and thundered. Balzac defied all rules, walked over the grammar, defiled the well of classic French. He invented phrases, paraphrased greatness, coined words. He worked the slide, glide, the ellipse—any way to express the thought. He forged a strange and wondrous style—a language made up of all the slang of the street, combined with the terminologies of science, law, medicine and the laboratory. He was an ignoramus.

But still the public read what he wrote and clamored for more, because the man expressed humanity—he knew men and women.

Balzac was the first writer to discover that every human life is intensely interesting; not merely the heroic and romantic.

Every life is a struggle, and the fact that the battles are usually bloodless, and the romance a dream, makes it no less real.

Balzac proved that the sensational and extraordinary were not necessary to literature. And just as every blade of grass is a miracle, and the dewdrop on a petal a divine manifestation, and three speckled eggs in a

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sparrow's nest constitute an immaculate conception, so every human life, with its hopes, aspirations, dreams, longings, defeats and successes is a drama, joyous with comedy, rich in melodrama and also dark and sombre as can be woven from the warp and woof of mystery and death.

Balzac wrote a dozen books or more a year. Of course he quarreled with Barabbas, and lawsuits followed, where both sides were right and both sides were wrong. Balzac had n't the time to look after business details. He would sign away his birthright for a month's peace, forgetful of the day of reckoning. He supported his mother and brothers and sisters, loaned money to everybody, borrowed from La Dilecta when the bailiffs got too pressing, and all the time turned out the copy religiously. He practiced the eight-hour-a-day clause, but worked in double shifts, from two A. M. to ten, and then from noon till eight o'clock at night. Then for a month he would relax and devote himself to La Dilecta. She was his one friend, his confidant, his comrade, his mother, his sweetheart.

No woman was ever loved more devotedly, but the passionate intensity of Balzac's nature must have been a sore tax at times on her time and strength. A younger woman could not have known his needs, nor ministered to him mentally. He was absorbed in his work and in his love—and these things were to him one

He had won renown, for had he not called down on his head the attacks of the envious? His manuscripts

were in demand. ¶ Balzac was thirty years of age, Madame de Berney fifty-two. The sun for him had not reached noon, but for her shadows were lengthening towards the east. She decided that she must win—he should never forsake her!

He had not tired of her, nor she of him. But she knew that when he was forty she would be sixty—he at the height of his power and she an old woman. They could never grow old together and go down the hill of life hand in hand.

So Madame de Berney with splendid heroism took the initiative. She told Balzac what was in her mind, all the time trying to be playful as we always do when tragedy is tugging at our hearts. Soon she would be a drag upon him and before that day came it was better they should separate. He declined to listen, swore she could not break the bond, and the scene from being playful, became furious. Then it settled down, calmed and closed as lovers' quarrels usually do and should.

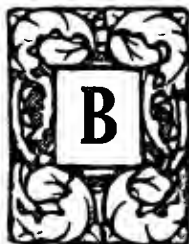
The subject came up again the next week and with a like result. Finally Madame de Berney resorted to heroic treatment. She locked herself in her rooms and gave orders to the butler that M. Balzac should not be allowed to enter the house, and that to him she was not at home.

“You shall not see me grow old and totter, my body wither and fail, my mind decline. We part now and part forever, our friendship sacred, unsullied and at its height. Good bye Balzac and good bye forever!”

¶ Balzac was dumb with rage, then tears came to his

relief, and he cried as a child cries for its mother. The first paroxysm passed, anger took the place of grief, he found time to realize that perhaps there were other women besides La Dilecta—possibly there were other La Dilectas. She had struck a blow to his pride, the only blow in fact he ever received.

Among his various correspondents, for successful men always get letters from sympathetic unknowns—was one Madame Hanska, in far-off Poland. From her letters she seemed intelligent, witty, sympathetic. He would turn to her in his distress, to Madame Hanska—where was that last letter from her? And did he not have her picture somewhere—let us see, let us see! ¶ And as for Madame de Berney: when she gave liberty to Balzac it was at the expense of her own life. "If I could only forget, if I could only forget!" she said. And so she lingered on for four years and then sank into that forgetfulness which men call death.



BALZAC wrote of her as "Madame Hanska," & to her husband he referred as "M. Hanski," a distinction made by the author as inference that M. Hanska was encroaching on some one else's domain, with designs on the pickle-jar of another.

The Hanskas belonged to the Russian nobility and lived on an immense estate in Ukraine,

surrounded only by illiterate peasants. It was another beautiful case of mismating—a man of forty who had gone the pace, marrying a girl of seventeen to educate her and reform himself.

Madame Hanska must have been a beauty in her youth—dark, dashing, positive, saucy. She had enough will so that she never became a drudge nor did she languish and fade. She was twenty-eight years old when she first appeared in the field of our vision—twenty-eight, and becomingly stout.

She had literary ambitions and had time to exercise them. Accidentally a volume of Balzac's, "Scenes from a Private Life" had fallen in her way. She glanced at it, and read a little here and there; then she read it through. Balzac's consummate ease and indifference of style caught her. She wanted to write just like Balzac. She was not exactly a writer, she only had literary eczema. She sat down and wrote Balzac a letter, sharply criticizing him for his satirical views of women ☹ ☹

It is a somewhat curious fact that when strangers write to authors about nine times out of ten it is to find fault. The person who is thoroughly pleased does not take the trouble to say so, but the offended one sits himself down and takes pen in hand. However this is not wholly uncomplimentary, since it proves at least two things: that the author is being read, and that he is making an impression. Said old Dr. Johnson to the aspiring poet, "Sir, I'll praise your book, but damn me if I'll read it."

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Unread books are constantly being praised, but the book that is warmly denounced is making an impression.

Madame Hanska in her far-off solitude had read "Scenes from a Private Life," paragraph by paragraph, and in certain places had seen her soul laid bare. Very naively, in her letter to Balzac, in her criticism she acknowledged the fact that the author had touched an exposed nerve, and this took the sting out of her condemnation. She signed herself "The Stranger," but gave an address where to reply.

Balzac, wrote the stranger a slap-dash of a letter, as he was always doing, and forgot the incident.

Long letters came from Madame; they were glanced at, but never read. But Madame Hanska, living in exile, had opened up a new vein of ore for herself. She was in communication with a powerful, creative intellect. She sent to a Paris bookseller an order for everything written by Balzac. She read, reread, marked and interlined. Balzac seemed to be writing for her. She kept a daily journal of her thoughts and jottings and this she sent to Balzac.

He neglected to acknowledge the parcel, and she wrote begging he would insert a personal in a certain Paris paper, to which she was a subscriber, so she would know that he was alive and well.

He complied with the unusual request and it seemed to both of them as if they were getting acquainted. To the woman, especially, it was a half-forbidden joy—a clandestine correspondence with a single gentleman! It had all the sweet, divine flavor of a sin. So she

probably repeated the joy by confessing it to the priest, for the lady was a good Catholic. Next she sent Balzac her miniature, and even this he did not acknowledge, being too busy, or too indifferent, or both.

It was about this time that Madame de Berney plunged a stiletto into his pride. And the gaze of Balzac turned towards Poland, and he began to write letters to the imprisoned chatelaine, pouring out his soul to her. His heart was full of sorrow. To ease the pain he traveled for six months through southern France and Italy, but care rode on the crupper.

He was trying to forget. Occasionally he met beautiful women and endeavored to become interested in them, and in several instances nearly succeeded. Madame Hanska's letters now were becoming more and more intimate. She described her domestic affairs, and told her hopes, ideals and plans.

Balzac had his pockets full of these letters, and once in an incautious moment showed them to Madame Carraud, a worthy woman to whom he was paying transient court. Madame Carraud wrote an ardent love letter to Madame Hanska breathing the most intense passion, and signed Balzac's name to the missive. It was a very feminine practical joke. Balzac was told about it—after the letter was mailed. He was at first furious, and then faint with fear.

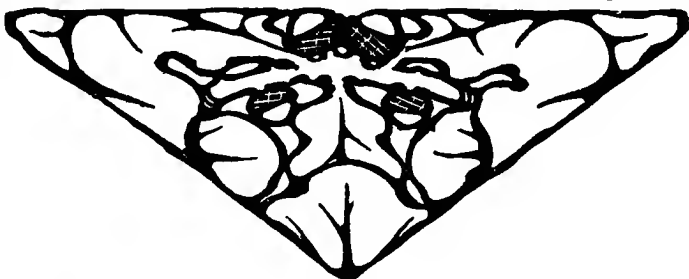
Madame Hanska was delighted with the letter, yet mystified to think that Balzac should use a secretary in writing a love letter. And Balzac wrote back that he had written the letter with his left hand and that was

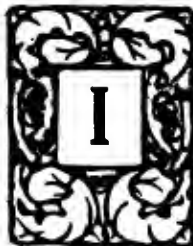
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doubtless the reason it seemed a different penmanship. ¶ At one stage of their evolution lovers are often great liars, but at this time Balzac was only playing at love. He could not forget Madame de Berney, dying there alone in her locked room.

Upon every great love are stamped the words "Not Transferable." Gradually, however, Balzac succeeded in making a partial transfer, or a transfer belief, of his affections. He wrote to Madame Hanska, "I tremble as I write you: will this be only a new bitterness? Will the skies for me ever again grow bright? I love you, my Unknown, and this strange thing is the natural effect of an empty and unhappy life, only filled with ideas."

The man had two immense desires—to be famous and to be loved. Madame Hanska had intellect, imagination, literary appreciation, and a great capacity for affection. She came into Balzac's life at the psychological moment, and he reached out and clung to her as a drowning man clings to a spar ⚓ And to the end of his life he never wavered in his love and allegiance.





IN the spring of 1833, the Hanskas arranged for a visit to Switzerland, with Neufchatel as the particular place in view. To travel then was a great undertaking—especially if you were rich. It is a great disadvantage to be rich—jewels, servants, furniture, horses—they own you, all—to take them or to

leave them—which?

Madame Hanska wrote to Balzac saying the trip was under discussion.

That it was being seriously considered.

It had been decided upon.

Necessarily postponed for two weeks to prepare to get ready to go.

The start would take place at a certain day and hour. In the meantime Balzac had decided on a trip also, with Neufchatel as an objective point.

Balzac had to explain it all to somebody—it was just like a play! So he wrote to his sister. M. Hanska was being utilized for a divine purpose, just as destiny makes use of folks and treats them as chessmen upon the board of time.

Madame Hanska was exquisitely beautiful, superbly witty, divinely wise and enormously rich—Balzac said so. In their letters they had already sworn eternal fealty; now they were to see each other face to face. All this Balzac wrote to his sister, just like a sophomore ♣ ♣

The Madame had purchased millinery; Balzac banked

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on his brain and books. ¶ The Hanskas arrived on the scene of the encounter first; this was stipulated. The Madame was to have a full week of preparation.

Balzac came one day ahead of time, a curious thing for him to do, as he used to explain away his failing by saying he was born a day late and never caught up. At the hotel where it was arranged he should locate was a letter saying he should meet his fate on the twenty-sixth of September, two days later, between one and four in the afternoon, on the Promenade du Faubourg. Being a married woman she could not just say what hour she could get away. She would have with her a maid, and in her hand would be one of Balzac's novels. They were to meet quite casually, just as if they had always known each other—childhood acquaintances. They would shake hands and then discuss the Balzacian novel: the maid would be dismissed; and the next day Balzac would call at their villa to pay his respects to her husband.

But how to kill time for two days! Balzac was in a fever of unrest. That afternoon he strolled along the Faubourg looking at every passing face, intent on finding a beautiful woman with a Balzac novel in her hand ☪ ☪

Balzac had not demanded anatomical specifications—he had just assumed that “The Stranger” must be quite like Madame de Berney, only twenty years younger, and twenty times more beautiful. La Dilecta was tall and graceful: it was possible that Madame Hanska was scarcely as tall, or that is to say, being

more round and better developed, she would not appear so tall.

The encounter was not scheduled for two days yet to come, but Balzac was looking over the ground hoping to get the sun to his back. When lo! here was a lady with a Balzac novel in her hand, the book held at an angle of sixty-two degrees.

Balzac gasped for breath as the woman came forward and held out her hand. She was n't handsome, but she certainly was pretty, even though her nose was retrouse, which is French for pug. Her hair was raven black, her eyes sparkling, her lips red and her complexion fresh and bright.

But ye gods! she was short, damnably short, and in ten years she would be fat, damnably fat!

Balzac's own personal appearance never troubled him save on the matter of height—or lack of it. His one manifestation of vanity was that he wore high heels, ¶ Balzac had concealed from the stranger his lack of height—it made no difference to Madame de Berney. why should it to the Hanska—it was none of her affair, anyway, Mon Dieu! And now he felt as Ananias did when he kept back part of the price.

Madame was evidently disappointed. Balzac was very careless in attire, his shirt open at the collar and on the back of his head was a student's cap. He wasn't a gentleman! Madame was laying the whip on her imagination, trying to be at ease, her red lips dry and her eyes growing bloodshot.

The servant was dismissed—it was like throwing over

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sand ballast from a balloon. Things grew less tense. They looked at each other and laughed. "Let's make the best of it," said Balzac. Then they kissed there under the trees and he held her hands. They understood each other. They laughed together and all disappointment was dissipated in the laugh. They understood each other.

Balzac wrote home to his sister that night about the meeting, and described the promenade as "a waddle Du Faubourg—a duck and a goose out for the air." He insisted, however, that Madame was very pretty, very wise, and very rich.³

The next day Balzac called at the villa and met M. Hanska, and evidently won that gentleman's good will at once. Balzac made him laugh, exorcising his migrains. Then Balzac played cards with him and obligingly lost. Hanska insisted that the great author should come back to dinner. Balzac agreed with him absolutely in politics and as token of their friendship M. Hanska presented M. Balzac a gigantic inkstand.

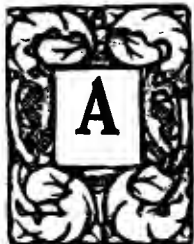
Things were moving smoothly, when two letters dispatched to Madame, by Balzac, were placed in the hands of M. Hanska by a servant who evidently lacked the psychic instinct. An hour later Balzac appeared in person, and when frigidly shown the letters explained that it was all a joke—that the letters were literature, to be used in a book and were sent to Madame for her inspection, delectation and divertissement.

The very extravagance of the missives saved the day. M. Hanska could not possibly believe that any one

would love his wife in this intense fashion—he never had. People only get love-crazy in books.

Everybody laughed, and M. Hanska ordered the waiter to bring in bottles of the juice of the grape, and all went merry as a marriage bell.

Five days of paradise and the Hanskas went one way and Balzac went another. He was up before daylight the morning they were to go, pacing the Du Faubourg in the hope of catching just one more look at the object of his passion. But in vain—he took the diligence back to Paris, and duly arrived, tired and sore in body but with a heart for work. Madame Hanska understood him—it was enough!



AFTER that first meeting in Switzerland every event in Balzac's life had Madame Hanska in mind. The feminine intellect was an absolute necessity to him. After a hard day's work, he eased down to earth by writing to "The Stranger" a letter—playful, pathetic, philosophical—just an outpouring of the heart of a

tired man; letters like those Swift wrote to Stella. He called it "resting my head in your lap."

It is quite possible that there is a little picturesque exaggeration in these letters, and that Balzac was not quite as lonely all the time as he was when he wrote to her. He compares her with the women he meets,

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always to her advantage, of course, and in his letters he constantly uses extracts from her letters, with phrases and peculiar words which she had discovered for him. For instance, in one place he calls a publisher a "ros-bif ambulent," which phrase Madame Hanska had applied to a certain Englishman she once met in St. Petersburg ☞ ☞

The letters of Madame Hanska to Balzac were given to the flames by his own hand a few years before his death, "being too sacred for the world," but his letters to her have been preserved and published, excepting such parts as were too intimate for the public to properly appreciate.

The "Droll Stories" were written & published just before Balzac met Madame Hanska. He was much troubled as to what she would think of them, and tried for a time to keep the book out of her hands. Finally, however, he decided on a grand-stand play. He had one of the books sumptuously bound and this volume he inscribed to M. Hanska and sent it with a message to the effect that it was a book for men only and was written merely as a study of certain phases of human nature and to show the progress of the French language.

Of course a book written for men only is bound to be read by every woman who can place her pretty hands upon it. And so the "Droll Stories" were carefully read by Madame, and the explanation accepted that they were merely a study in antique French, and illustrated one chapter in "The Human Comedy." As for M. Hanska, he being not quite so scientific as his

gifted wife, read the stories for a different reason and enjoyed them so much that they served him as a mine from which he lifted his original stuff.

The conception of "The Human Comedy," or a series of books that would run the entire gamut of human experience and picture every possible phase of human emotion, was the idea of Madame Hanska. In 1832, she had written him, "No writer who has ever lived has possessed so wide a sympathy as you. Some picture courts and kings; others reveal to us beggars, peasants and those who struggle for bread; still others give charming views of children; while all men and women in love write love stories, but you know every possible condition that can come to a human soul, and so you seem the only person who ever has or could write the complete "Human Comedy" in which every type of man, woman or child who ever lived shall have his part."

No wonder Balzac loved Madame Hanska—what writer would not love a woman who could place him on such a pedestal! Every writer has moments when he doubts his power, and so this assurance from Someone seems a necessity to one who is to do a great and sustained work. Balzac, he of the child-mind, needed the constant assurance that he was going forward in the right direction.

Balzac seized upon the phrase "The Human Comedy," just as he seized upon anything which he could weave into the fabric he was constructing. And so finally came his formal announcement that he was to write

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the entire life of man, and picture every possible aspect of humanity, in a hundred books to be known as "La Comedie Humaine." It was a conception as great and daring as the plan of Pliny to write out all human knowledge, or the ambition of Newton as shown in the "Principia," or the work of Humboldt as revealed in the "Cosmos," or the idea of Herbert Spencer in the "Synthetic Philosophy."



ALL the time Balzac was looking forward to when he and Madame Hanska would next meet, or back to the meeting that had just taken place. Each year, for a few short, sweet days they met in Switzerland or at some appointed place in Italy or France. Sometimes M. Hanska was there and sometimes not. That worthy gentleman always seemed to feel a certain gratification in the thought that his wife was so attractive to the great author of the "Droll Stories," the only Balzac book he had really ever read. ¶ That he did not even guess their true relation is very probable; he knew his wife was something of a writer and he was satisfied when he was told that she was helping Balzac in his literary undertakings. That he was not compelled to read the joint production, and pass judgment on it gave him so much pleasure that he never followed up the clue.

On January 5th, 1842, Balzac received from Madame Hanska an envelope lined with ominous black—a mourning envelope. He seized it with joy—placed it to his lips and then pressed it to his heart. Hanska was dead—dead—very dead—he had vacated the preserve—gone—flown—departed, dead!

Balzac sat down and wrote a sham letter of condolence to the bereaved widow, and asked permission to go at once and console her. Had it been the De Berney he would have gone, but with Madame Hanska he had to obtain permission.

So he waited for her reply.

Her answer was strangely cold—Madame was in sore distress—children sick, peasants dissatisfied, business complications and so forth.

Balzac had always supposed that M. Hanska was the one impediment that stood in the way of the full complete and divine mating. Probably Madame thought so too, until the time arrived, and then she discovered that she had gotten used to having her lover at a distance. She was thus able to manage him. But to live with him all the time—ye gods, was it possible!

The Madame had so long managed her marital craft in storm and stress, holding the barque steadily in the eye of the wind, that now the calm had come she did not know what to do, and Balzac in his gay-painted galley could not even paddle alongside.

She begged for time to settle her affairs. In three months they met in Switzerland. Madame was in deep mourning, and Balzac not to be outdone, had an

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JOURNEYS

absurdly large and very black band on his hat. With Madame was her daughter, a fine young woman of twenty, whom the mother always now kept very close to her, for prudential reasons. The daughter must have been pretty good quality, for she called Balzac, "My Fat Papa," and Balzac threatens Madame that he will run away with the daughter if the marriage is not arranged and quickly too.

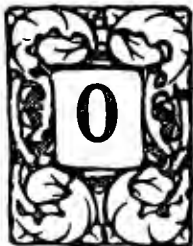
But Madame will not wed—not yet—she is afraid that marriage will dissolve her beautiful dream. In the meantime, she advances Balzac a large amount of money, several hundred thousand francs, to show her sincerity, and the money Balzac is to use in furnishing a house in Paris, where they will live as soon as they are married.

Balzac buys a snug little house and furnishes it with costly carved furniture, bronzes, rugs and old masters, ¶ He waits patiently, or not, according to his mood, amid his beautiful treasures. And still Madame would not relinquish the sweet joys of widowhood.

In a year Madame Hanska arrives with her daughter. They are delighted with the house, and remain for a month, when pressing business in Poland calls them hence. Balzac accompanies them a hundred miles, and then goes back home to his "Human Comedy."

The years pass very much as they did when M. Hanska was alive, only they miss that gentleman, having nobody now but the public to bamboozle, and the public having properly sized up the situation has become very apathetic—busy looking for morsels more highly

spiced. Who cares about what stout, middle-age-widows do, anyway!



CCASIONALLY in letters to Madame Hanska, Balzac refers to Madame de Berney. This seems to have caused Madame Hanska to once say, "Why do you so often refer to ancient history and tell me of that motherly body who once acted as your nurse, comparing me with her?"

To this Balzac replies, "I apologize for comparing you with Madame de Berney—she was what she was, and you are what you are. Great souls are always individual—Madame de Berney was a great and lofty spirit, and no one can ever take her place. I apologize for comparing you with her."

Madame de Berney led Balzac; Madame Hanska ruled him. Madame Hanska was one who eternally beckoned and pursued. Without her Balzac could not have gone on. She held him true to his literary course, and without her he must surely have fallen a victim of arrested energy. She demanded a daily accounting from the mill of his mind. She supplied both goad and greens. **Q** And more than that she sapped his life forces and robbed him of his red corpuscles, so before he was fifty, he was old, worn-out, undone, with an excess of lime in his bones.

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Literary creation makes a terrific tax on vitality. Ideas do not flow until the pulse goes above eighty, and this means the rapid breaking down of tissue. The man who writes two hours daily, and writes well, cannot do much else. He is like the race-horse—do not expect the record breaker to pull a plow all day, and go fast heats in the evening. Balzac was the most tremendous worker in a literary way the world has ever seen. He doubtless made mistakes in his life's course, but the wonder is, that he did not make more. He was constantly absorbed in what Theophile Gautier has called "the Balzac Universe," looking after the characters he had created, seeing to it that they acted consistently, pulling the wires, supplying them conversation, dialogue, plot and counterplot, and amid all this bustle and confusion bringing out a perfect story. And still to sanely do the work of the work-a-day world was a miracle indeed! The man had the strength of Hercules, but even physical strength has its penalty—it seduces one to over-exertion. The midnight brain is a bad thing to cultivate, especially when reinforced by much coffee. Balzac was growing stout—physical exercise was difficult. Dark lines were growing under his eyes. In his letters to Madame Hanska he tells how he is taking treatment from the doctor and that he suffers from asthma and aneurism of the heart. ¶ His eyes are failing him so he cannot see to write by lamplight.

Madame Hanska now becomes alarmed. She thinks she can win him back to life. She begs him to come to

Poland at once, and they will be married. ¶ Balzac at once begins the journey to the Hanska country home. The excitement and change of scene evidently benefited him. Great plans were being made for the future.

The wedding occurred on March 14th, 1850.

Balzac was a sick man. The couple arrived back in Paris with Balzac leaning heavily on his wife's arm. Chaos thundered in his ears; his brain reeled with vertigo; dazzling lights appeared in the darkness; and in the sunshine he only saw confused darkness. ¶ Balzac died August 17th, 1850, aged fifty-one, and Pere-la-Chaise tells the rest.

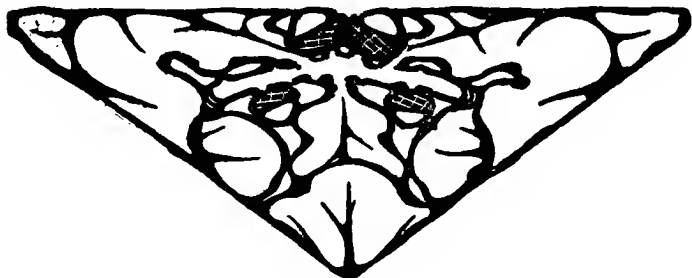
Said Victor Hugo :

The candle scarcely illumined the magnificent Pourbus, the magnificent Holbein, on the walls. The bust of marble was like the ghost of the man who was to die. I asked to see Monsieur de Balzac. We crossed a corridor and mounted a staircase crowded with vases, statues and enamels. Another corridor—I saw a door that was open. I heard a sinister noise—a rough and loud breathing. I was in Balzac's bedchamber. The bed was in the middle of the room: Balzac, supported on it, as best he might be, by pillows and cushions taken from the sofa. I saw his profile, which was like that of Napoleon. An old sick-nurse and a servant of the house stood on either side of the bed. I lifted the counterpane and took the hand of Balzac. The nurse said to me, "He will die about dawn."

His death has smitten Paris. Some months ago he came back into France. Feeling that he was dying, he wished to see again his native land—as on the eve of a long journey, one goes to one's mother to kiss her. Some-

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

times, in the presence of the dead—when the dead are illustrious—one feels, with especial distinctness, the heavenly destiny of that Intelligence which is called Man. It passes over the Earth to suffer and be purified.



A LITTLE JOURNEY to the Home of Elbert Hubbard

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AT a meeting of the Committee on Organization of the AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR, held at the Roycroft Inn, East Aurora, N. Y., July 7, 1906.

Members present: E. M. Poston, Ernest Y. Loomis, A. L. Wyman, B. T. Calvert, Elizabeth Towne, Henry D. De Muth, and Lyman Chandler, Secretary:

After due deliberation and discussion, by a unanimous vote of the above-mentioned Committee of Organization over their respective signatures, the following persons were elected to the decoration of the AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR.

Chas. W. Eliot
Ben. B. Lindsey
Nathan Straus
Jane Addams
Helen Gould
John Burroughs
Frederick N. Finney
John J. Lentz
Ernest Crosby
Felix Adler
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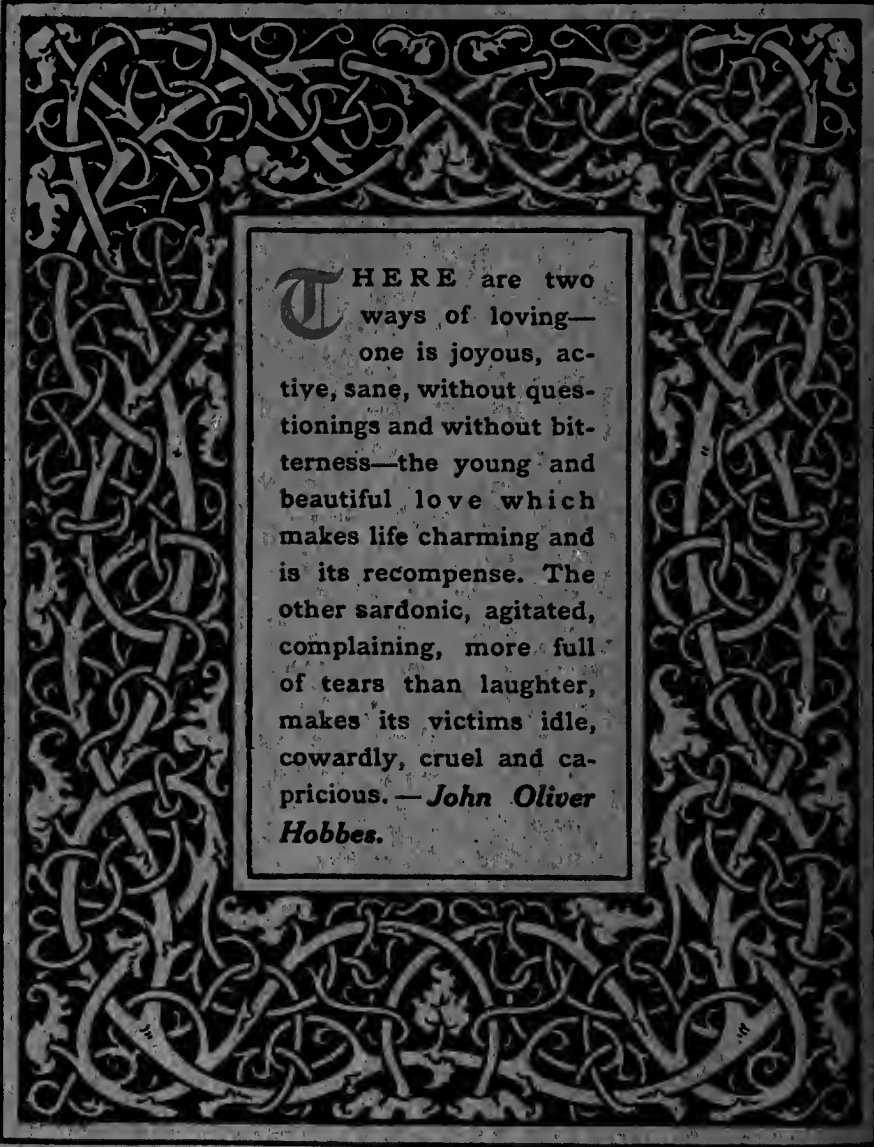
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Vol. XIX

SEPTEMBER, 1906

No. 3

Little Journeys To Homes of Great Lovers

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Published by the American Book Company, New York, N. Y.

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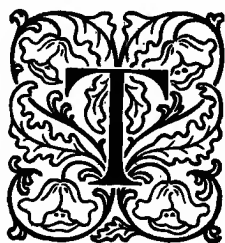
HEALTHY soul stands united with the Just and the True, as the magnet arranges itself with the pole, so that he stands to all beholders like a transparent object between them and the sun, & whoso journeys toward the sun, journeys toward that person. He is thus the medium of the highest influence to all not on the same level. Thus, men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

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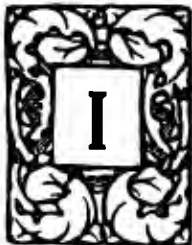
Fenelon

F e n e l o n a n d
M a d a m e G u y o n

SOME time before the marriage of my daughter, I had become acquainted with the Abbe Fenelon, and the family into which she had entered being among his friends, I had the opportunity of seeing him there many times. We had conversations on the subject of the inner life, in which he offered many objections to me. I answered him with my usual simplicity. He gave me opportunity to thoroughly explain to him my experiences. The difficulties he offered only served to make clear to him the root of my sentiments; therefore no one has been better able to understand them than he. This it is which, in the sequel, has served for the foundation of the persecution raised against him, as his answers to the Bishop of Meaux have made known to all persons who have read them without prejudice.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MADAME GUYON.

Fenelon and Madame Guyon



HAVE been reading the "Autobiography of Madame Guyon." All books that live are autobiographies, because no writer is interesting save as he writes about himself. All literature is a confession—there is only one kind of ink, and it is red. Some people say the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin is the most interesting book written by an American. It surely has one mark of greatness—indiscretion. It tells of things inconsequential, irrelevant and absurd. For instance, the purchase of a penny loaf by a moon-faced youth with outgrown trousers, who walked up Market Street, in the city of Philadelphia, munching his loaf, and who saw a girl sitting in a doorway, laughing at him.

What has that to do with literature? Everything, for literature is a human document, and the fact that he of the moon-face got even with the girl who laughed at him by going back and marrying her, gives us a picture not soon forgotten.

Everybody is entertaining when he writes about himself because he is discussing a subject in which he is vitally interested—whether he understands the theme is another thing. The fact that Madame Guyon did not understand her theme does not detract from the interest in her book, it rather adds to it—she is so intensely prejudiced. Franklin was the very king of

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humorists, and in humor Madame Guyon was a pauper ☞ ☞

There is not a smile in the whole big book from cover to cover—not a smile, save those the reader brings to bear.

Madame Guyon lays bare her heart, but she does it by indirection. In this book she keeps her left hand well informed of what her right hand is doing. Her multi-masked ego tells things she must have known, but which she didn't know she knew, otherwise she would not have told us. We get the truth by reading between the lines. The miracle is that this book should have passed for a work of deep religious significance, and served as a text-book for religious novitiates for three centuries.

Madame Guyon was a woman of intellect, damned with a dower of beauty—sensitive, alert, possessing an impetuous nature that endeavored to find its gratification in religion. Born into a rich family, and marrying a rich man, unkind fate gave her time for introspection, and her mind became morbid through lack of employment for her hands.

Work would have directed her emotions to a point where they would have been useful, but for the lack of which she was feverish, querulous, impulsive—always looking for offense, and of course finding it. Her pride was colossal, and the fact that it found form in humility must have made her a sore trial to her friends.

¶ The confessional seems a natural need of humanity, but when an introspective hypochondriac acquires the

confessional habit, she is a pest to a good priest and likely to be a prey to a bad one.

A woman in this condition of mind confesses sins she never committed, and she may commit sins of which she is unaware.

The highly emotional, unappreciated, misunderstood woman, noisily bearing her cross alone, is a type well known to the pathologist. In modern times when she visits a dentist's office the doctor hastily summons his assistant, like unto the Prince of Pilsen who in the presence of the strenuous widow, seizes his friend convulsively and groans, "Don't leave me—don't leave me! I am up against it."

This type of woman is never commonplace—she is the victim of her qualities, and these qualities in the case of Madame Guyon were high ambition, great intellect, impelling passion, self-reliance. Had she been less of a woman she would have been more so. She thinks mostly of herself, and intense selfishness is apparent even in her humility. The tragedy of her life lay in that she had a surplus of time and a plethora of money and these paved the way for introspection and fatty enlargement of the ego. Let her tell her own story:

¶ My God: Since you wish me to write a life so worthless and extraordinary as mine, and the omissions I made in the former have appeared to you too considerable to leave it in that state, I wish with all my heart, in order to obey you, to do what you desire of me. I was born according to some accounts, on Easter Even, 13th of April—although my baptism was not until the 24th of May—in the year 1648, of a father and

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mother who made profession of very great piety, particularly my father, who had inherited it from his ancestors; for one might count, from a very long time, almost as many saints in his family as there were persons who composed it. I was born, then, not at the full time, for my mother had such a terrible fright that she brought me into the world in the eighth month, when it is said to be almost impossible to live. I no sooner received life than I was on the point of losing it, and dying without baptism.

My life was only a tissue of ills. At two and a half years, I was placed at the Ursulines, where I remained some time. Afterwards they took me away. My mother who did not much love girls, neglected me and abandoned me too much to the care of women who neglected me also; yet you, O my God, protected me, for accidents were incessantly happening to me, occasioned by my extreme vivacity; I fell. A number of accidents happened to me which I omit for brevity. I was then four years old, when Madame the Duchess of Montbason came to the Benedictines. As she had much friendship for my father, she ask him to place me in that House when she would be there, because I was a great diversion to her. I was alway with her, for she much loved the exterior God had given me. I do not remember to have committed any considerable faults in that house. I saw there only good examples, and as my natural disposition was toward good, I followed it when I found nobody to turn me aside from it. I loved to hear talk about God, to be at church, and to be dressed as a nun. One day I imagined that the terror they put me into of hell was only to intimidate me because I was very bright, and I had a little archness to which they gave the name of cleverness.

I wished to go to confession without saying anything to any one, but as I was very small, the mistress of the

boarders carried me to confession and remained with me. They listened to me, She was astonished to hear that I first accused myself of having thoughts against the faith, and the confessor beginning to laugh, asked me what they were. I told him that I had up to now been in doubt about hell: that I had imagined my mistress spoke to me of it only to make me good, but I no longer doubted. After my confession I felt an indescribable fervour, and even one time I experienced a desire to endure martyrdom.

I cannot help here noting the fault mothers commit who, under pretext of devotion or occupation, neglect to keep their daughters with them; for it is not credible that my mother, so virtuous as she was, would have thus left me, if she had thought there was any harm in it. I must also condemn those unjust preferences that they show for one child over another, which produce division and the ruin of families, while equality unites the hearts and entertains charity. Why cannot fathers and mothers understand, and all persons who wish to guide youth, the evil they do, when they neglect the guidance of the children, when they lose sight of them for a long time and do not employ them?

YOU know, O my Love, that the fear of your chastisement has never made much impression either on my intellect or upon my heart. Fear at having offended you caused all my grief, and this was such that it seemed to me, though there should be neither paradise nor hell, I should always have had the same fear of displeasing you. You know that even after my faults your caresses were a thousand times more insupportable than your rigours, and I would have a thousand times chosen hell rather than displease you. O God, it was then not for you alone I used to behave

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well, since I ceased to do so because they no longer had any consideration for me. If I had known how to make use of the crucifying conduct that you maintained over me, I should have made good progress, and, far from going astray, that would have made me return to you. I was jealous of my brother, for on every occasion I remarked the difference my mother made between him and me. However he behaved always right, and I always wrong. My mother's servant-maids paid their court by caressing my brother and illtreating me. It is true I was bad, for I had fallen back into my former defects of telling lies and getting in a passion, with all these faults I nevertheless willingly gave alms, and I much loved the poor. I assiduously prayed to you, O my God, and I took pleasure in hearing you well spoken of. I do not doubt you will be astonished, Sir, by such resistance, and by so long a course of inconstancy; so many graces, so much ingratitude; but the sequel will astonish you still more, when you shall see this manner of acting grow stronger with my age, and that reason, far from correcting so irrational a procedure, has served only to give more force and more scope to my sins. It seemed, O my God, that you doubled your graces as my ingratitude increased. There went on in me what goes on in the siege of towns. You were besieging my heart, and I thought only of defending it against your attacks. I put up fortifications to that miserable place, redoubling each day my iniquities to hinder you from taking it. When it seemed you were about to be victorious over this ungrateful heart, I made a cross-battery; I put up barriers to arrest your bounties and to hinder the course of your graces. It required nothing less than you to break them down, O my divine Love, who by your sacred fire were more powerful than even death, to which my sins have so often reduced me.

My father, seeing that I was grown, placed me for Lent with the Ursulines, in order that I should have my first communion at Easter, when I should complete eleven years of age. He placed me in the hands of his daughter, my very dear sister, who redoubled her cares that I might perform this action with all possible preparation. I thought only, O my God, of giving myself to you once for all. I often felt the combat between my good inclinations and my evil habits. I even performed some penance. As I was almost always with my sister and the boarders of the grown class with whom I was, although I was very far from their age, were very reasonable, I became very reasonable with them ☉ ☉

It was surely a murder to bring me up ill, for I had a natural disposition much inclined to good, and I loved good things.

We subsequently came to Paris, where my vanity increased. Nothing was spared to bring me out. I paraded a vain beauty; I thirsted to exhibit myself and to flaunt my pride. I wished to make myself loved without loving anybody. I was sought for by many persons who seemed good matches for me; but you, O my God, who would not consent to my ruin, did not permit things to succeed. My father discovered difficulties that you yourself made spring up for my salvation. For if I had married those persons, I should have been extremely exposed, and my vanity would have had opportunity for displaying itself. There was a person who sought me in marriage for some years, whom my father for family reasons had always refused. His manners were a little distasteful to my vanity, yet the fear they had I should leave the country, and the great wealth of this gentleman, led my father, in spite of all his own objections and those of my mother, to accept him for me. It was done without my being told,

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on the vigil of St. Francis de Sales, 28th January, 1664, and they even made me sign the articles of marriage without telling me what they were. Although I was well pleased to be married, because I imagined thereby I should have full liberty, and that I should be delivered from the ill-treatment of my mother, which doubtless I brought on myself by want of docility; you, however, O my God, had quite other views, and the state in which I found myself afterwards frustrated my hopes, as I shall hereafter tell. Although I was well pleased to be married, I nevertheless continued all the time of my engagement, and even long after my marriage, in extreme confusion.

I did not see my betrothed till two or three days before the marriage. I caused masses to be said all the time I was engaged, to know your will, O my God; for I desired to do it at least in that. Oh, goodness of my God, to suffer me at that time, and to permit me to pray with as much boldness as if I had been one of your friends!—I who had treated you as if your greatest enemy! ☞ ☞

The joy at this marriage was universal in our town, and in this rejoicing I was the only person sad. I could neither laugh like the others, nor even eat, so oppressed was my heart. I know not the cause of my sadness; but my God, it was as if a presentiment you were giving me of what should befall me. Hardly was I married when the recollection of my desire to be a nun came to overwhelm me. All those who came to compliment me the day after my marriage could not help rallying me because I wept bitterly, and I said to them, "Alas! I had once so desired to be a nun; why am I now married; and by what fatality is this happened to me?" I was no sooner at home with my new husband than I clearly saw that it would be for me a house of sorrow. I was obliged to change my conduct, for their manner

of living was very different from that in my father's house. My mother-in-law, who had been long time a widow, thought only of saving, while in my father's house we lived in an exceedingly noble manner. Everything was showy and everything on a liberal scale, and all my husband and mother-in-law called extravagance, and I called respectability, was observed there. I was very much surprised at this change, and the more so as my vanity would rather have increased than cut down expenditure. I was fifteen years of age—in my sixteenth year—when I was married. My astonishment greatly increased when I saw that I must give up what I had with so much trouble acquired. At my father's house we had to live with much refinement, learn to speak correctly. All I said was there applauded and made much of. Here I was not listened to, except to be contradicted and to be blamed. If I spoke well they said it was to read them a lesson. If any one came and a subject was under discussion, while my father used to make me speak, here, if I wished to express my opinion, they said it was to dispute, and they ignominiously silenced me, and from morning to night they chided me. They led my husband to do the same, and he was only too well disposed for it. I should have a difficulty in writing these sort of things to you, which cannot be done without wounding charity, if you had not forbidden me to omit anything, and if you had not absolutely commanded me to explain everything, and give all particulars. One thing I ask, before going further, which is, not to regard things from the side of the creature, for this would make persons appear more faulty than they were; for my mother-in-law was virtuous and my husband was religious and had no vice ♪ ♪

My mother-in-law conceived such a hostility to me, that in order to annoy me she made me do the most

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humiliating things; for her temper was so extraordinary, from not having conquered it in her youth, that she could not live with any one. I was thus made the victim of her tempers. Her whole occupation was to continually thwart me, and she inspired her son with the same sentiments. They insisted that persons far beneath me should take precedence, in order to annoy me. My mother, who was very sensitive on the point of honour, could not endure this, and when she learned it from others—for I never said anything of it—she found fault with me, thinking I did it from not knowing how to maintain my rank, that I had no spirit, and a thousand other things of this kind. I dared not tell how I was situated, but I was dying of vexation, and what increased it still more was the recollection of the persons who had sought me in marriage, the difference of their temper and their manner of acting, the love and esteem they had for me, and their gentleness and politeness: this was very hard for me to bear. My mother-in-law incessantly spoke to me disparagingly of my father and my mother, and I never went to see them but I had to endure this disagreeable talk on my return. On the other hand, my mother complained of me that she did not see me often enough, she said I did not love her. What increased still more my crosses was that my mother related to my mother-in-law the trouble I had given her in my childhood, so that the moment I spoke, they reproached me with this, and told me I was a wicked character. My husband wished me to remain all day in the room of my mother-in-law, without being allowed to go to my own apartment; I had not therefore a moment for seclusion or breathing a little. She spoke disparagingly of me to every one, hoping thereby to diminish the esteem and affection each had for me, so that she put insults upon me in the presence of the best society. She discovered the

secret of extinguishing the vivacity of my mind and making me become quite dull, so that I could no more be recognized. Those who had seen me before used to say, "What! is that the person who passed for being clever? She does not say two words. It is a pretty picture."

QFor crown of affliction I had a maid they had given me, who was quite in their interest. She kept me in sight like a duenna, and strangely ill-treated me. When I went out, the valets had orders to give an account of all I did. It was then that I commenced to eat the bread of tears. If I was at table they did things to me that covered me with confusion.

I had no one with whom to share my grief. I wished to tell something of it to my mother, and that caused me so many new crosses that I resolved to have no other confidant of my vexations than myself. It was not through harshness that my husband treated me so, but from his hasty and violent temper; for he loved me even passionately. What my mother-in-law was continually telling him, irritated him.

Such was my married life rather that of a slave than a free person. To increase my disgrace I discovered, four months after my marriage, that my husband was gouty. This disease caused me many real crosses both without and within. That year he twice had gout six weeks at a time, and it again seized him shortly after, much more severely. At last he became so indisposed that he did not leave his room, nor often even his bed, which he ordinarily kept many months. I believe that, but for his mother and that maid of whom I have spoken, I should have been very happy with him; for as to hastiness, there is hardly a man who has not plenty of it, and it is the duty of a reasonable woman to put up with it quietly without increasing it by sharp answers. You made use of all these things, O my God, for my salvation.

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I became pregnant with my first child. During this time I was greatly petted as far as the body went, and my crosses were in some degree less severe thereby. I was so indisposed that I would have excited the compassion of the most indifferent. Moreover they had such a great wish to have children, that they were very apprehensive lest I should miscarry. Yet towards the end they were less considerate to me, and once, when my mother-in-law had treated me in a very shocking manner, I was so malicious as to feign a colic in order to alarm them in my turn; because so anxious were they to have children, for my husband was the only son, and my mother-in-law was very rich, could have heirs through him alone.

THIS first confinement improved my appearance, and in consequence made me more vain, for although I would not have been willing to add art to nature, yet I was very complaisant to myself. I was glad to be looked at, and, far from avoiding occasions for it, I went to promenades; rarely however, and when I was in the streets, I took off my mask from vanity, and my gloves to show my hands. Could there be greater silliness? When I had thus been carried away, which happened often enough, I wept inconsolably; but that did not correct me. I also sometimes went to a ball, where I displayed my vanity in dancing.

I did not curl my hair, or very little, I did not even put anything on my face, yet I was not the less vain of it; I very seldom looked in the looking-glass, in order not to encourage my vanity, and I made a practice of reading books of devotion, such as the "Imitation of Jesus Christ" and the works of St. Francis de Sales while my hair was being combed, so that as I read aloud the servants profited by it. Moreover I let myself be dressed

as they wished, remaining as they arranged me—a thing which saves trouble and material for vanity. I do not know how things were, but people always admired me, and the feelings of my vanity reawakened in everything. If on certain days I wished to look to better advantage, I failed, and the more I neglected myself the better I looked. It was a great stone of stumbling for me. How many times, O my God, have I gone to churches less to pray to you than to be seen there! Other women who were jealous of me, maintained that I painted, and said so to my confessor, who reproved me for it, although I assured him to the contrary. I often spoke to my own advantage, and I exalted myself with pride while lowering others. I sometimes still told lies, though I used all my effort to free myself from this vice.

I never spoke to a man alone, and never took one to my carriage unless my husband was there, I never gave my hand without precaution, I never went into the carriages of men. In short, there was no possible measure I did not observe to avoid any ground for my being talked of.

SO much precaution had I, O my God! for a vain point of honour, and I had so little for the true honour, which is, not to displease you. I went so far in this, and my self-love was so great, that if I had failed in any rule of politeness, I could not sleep at night. Every one wished to contribute to my diversion, and the outside life was only too agreeable for me; but as to indoors, vexation had so depressed my husband, that each day I had to put up with something new, and that very often. Sometimes he threatened to throw the supper out of the window, and I told him it would be very unfair to me; I had a good appetite.

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It will be seen from these frank outpourings of the heart, that Madame Guyon was suffering from an overwrought sex-nature. Deeply steeped in superstition, hypersthenia, God to her was a man—her lover. Her one thought was to do His will. God is her ideal of all that is strong, powerful and far-seeing. In her imagination she continually communicates with this all-powerful man. She calls Him “My Love,” and occasionally forgetting herself addresses him as “Sir.” She evades her husband and deceives that worthy gentleman into believing she is asleep when she is all the time secretly praying to God. She goes to confession in a kimono. She gets up at daylight to go to mass, and this mass to her heated imagination is a tryst, and the fact that she can go to mass and get back safely and find her husband still sleeping adds the sweets of secrecy to her passion. In love the illicit seems the normal.

Her children are nothing to her, compared to this love, the ratio of a woman’s love for her children having a direct relationship to the mother’s love for their father. Madame Guyon’s regard for her husband is covered by the word “duty,” but to deceive the man never occurs to her as a fault. She prides herself on being an honest wife.

Of course her children turn from her, because she has turned from them. She thinks their ingratitude is a trial and a cross sent to her by God, just as she re-

gards her husband's gout as a calamity for herself, never seemingly thinking of how it affects the gentleman himself. Simple people might say the gout was his affair, not hers, but she does not view it so.

In her perverted selfness all things have relationship to her own ego, and so she is in continual trouble, like a girl whose love is being opposed by parents and kinsmen.

A woman in love is the most unreasonable of all created things—next to a man. Reason is actually beyond a lover's orbit. This woman has lost the focus of truth, and all things are out of perspective. Every object is twisted and distorted by the one thought that fills her life. Lovers are fools, but nature makes them so.

Here is a woman whose elective affinity is a being of her own creation—an airy, fairy fiction of the mind. When a living man appears upon the scene who in degree approximates her ideal of gentleness, strength and truth, how long, think you, will the citadel of her heart withstand the siege? Or will it be necessary for him to lay siege to her heart at all? Will she not straightway throw the silken net of her personality over him—this personality she affects to despise—and take him captive hand and foot? We shall see.

It was after this, my husband, having some relief from his continual illness, wished to go to Orleans, and thence to Touraine. On this journey my vanity triumphed, to disappear forever. I received many visits and much applause. My God, how clearly I see the folly of men, who let themselves be caught by vain beauty! I hated passion, but, according to the external

man, I could not hate that in me which called me into life, although according to the interior man, I ardently desired to be delivered from it. O my God, you know how this continued combat of nature and grace made me suffer. Nature was pleased at public approbation, and grace made it feared. I felt myself torn asunder and as if separated from myself; for I very well felt the injury this universal esteem did me. What augmented it was the virtue they believed united with my youth and my appearance. O my God, they did not know that all the virtue was in you alone, and in your protection, and all the weakness in me.

I told the confessors of my trouble, because I had not my neck entirely covered, although I was much better than the other women of my age. They assured me that I was dressed very modestly, and that there was no harm. My internal director told me quite the contrary, but I had not the strength to follow him, and to dress myself, at my age, in a manner that would appear extraordinary. Besides the vanity I had, furnished me with pretexts which appeared to me the justest possible. Oh, if confessors knew the injury they cause women by these soft complaisances, and the evil it produces, they would show a greater severity; for if I had found a single confessor who had told me there was harm in being as I was, I would not have continued in it a single moment; but my vanity taking the part of the confessors, made me think they were right and my troubles were fanciful.

That maid of whom I spoke became every day more arrogant, and as the devil stirred her up to torment me, when she saw that her outcries did not annoy me, she thought if she could hinder me from communicating she would cause me the greatest of all annoyance. She was quite right, O Divine Spouse of pure souls, since the only satisfaction of my life was to receive

you and to honour you. I suffered a species of languor when I was some days without receiving you. When I was unable, I contented myself with keeping some hours near you, and, in order to have liberty for it, I applied myself to perpetual adoration.

This maid then knew my affection for the Holy Sacrament, before which, when I could freely, I passed many hours on my knees. She took care to watch every day she thought I communicated. She came to tell my mother-in-law and my husband, who wanted nothing more to get into a rage with me. There were reprimands which continued the whole day. If any word of justification escaped me, or any vexation at what they said to me, it was ground enough for their saying that I committed sacrilege, and crying out against devotion. If I answered nothing, that increased their bitterness. They said the most stinging things possible to me. If I fell ill, which happened often enough, they took the opportunity to come and wrangle with me in my bed, saying it was my communions and my prayers made me ill; as if to receive you, O true Source of all good, could cause any ill!

As it was with difficulty I ordinarily had any time for praying, in order not to disobey my husband, who was unwilling I should rise from bed before seven o'clock, I bethought me I had only to kneel upon my bed.

I could not go to mass without the permission of my husband, for we were very distant from all kind of churches, and as ordinarily he only allowed me on festivals and Sundays, I could not communicate but on those days, however desirous I might be for it; unless some priest came to a chapel, which was a quarter of a league from our house, and let us know of it. As the carriage could not be brought out from the courtyard without being heard, I could not elude him. I made an arrangement with the guardian of the Reco-

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lets, who was a very holy man. He pretended to go to say mass for somebody else, and sent a monk to inform me. It had to be in the early morning, that my husband might not know of it, and, although I had trouble in walking, I went a quarter of a league on foot, because I dared not have the horses put to the carriage for fear of awaking my husband. O my God, what a desire did you not give me to receive you! and although my weariness was extreme, all that was nothing to me. You performed miracles O my Lord, in order to further my desires; for besides that, ordinarily on the days I went to hear mass, my husband woke later, and thus I returned before his awaking,—how many times have I set out from the house in such threatening weather that the maid I took with me said it would be out of the question for me to go on foot, I should be soaked with rain. I answered her with my usual confidence, “God will assist us;” and did I not arrive, O my Lord, without being wetted? No sooner was I in the chapel than the water fell in torrents. The mass was no sooner finished than the rain ceased entirely, and gave me time to return to the house, where, immediately upon my arrival, it recommenced with greater violence.

THE cross I felt most was to see my son revolt against me, I could not see him without dying of grief. When I was in my room with any of my friends, he was sent to listen to what I said; and as the child saw it pleased them, he invented a hundred things to go and tell them. What caused me the most pain was the loss of this child, with whom I had taken extreme trouble. If I surprised him in a lie, which often happened, I dared not reprove him. He told me, “My grandmother says you are a greater liar than I!”

IT was eight or nine months after I had the small-pox that Father La Combe passed by the place of my residence. He came to the house, bringing me a letter from Father La Mothe, who asked me to see him, as he was a friend of his. I had much hesitation whether I should see him, because I greatly feared new acquaintances. However the fear of offending Father La Mothe led me to do it. This conversation which was short, made him desire to see me once more. I felt the same wish on my side; for I believed he loved God, and I wished everybody to love Him. God had already made use of me to win three monks. The eagerness he had to see me again led him to come to our country house, which was only a half league from the town. Providence made use of a little accident that happened, to give me the means of speaking to him; for as my husband, who greatly enjoyed his cleverness, was conversing with him, he felt ill, and having gone into the garden, my husband told me to go look for him lest anything might have occurred. I went there. This Father said that he had remarked a concentration and such an extraordinary presence of God on my countenance, that he said to himself, "I have never seen a woman like that;" and this was what made him desire to see me again. We conversed a little, and you permitted, O my God, that I said to him things which opened to him the way of the interior. God bestowed upon him so much grace, through this miserable channel, that he has since declared to me he went away changed into another man. I preserved a root of esteem for him, for it appeared to me that he would be God's; but I was very far from foreseeing that I should ever go to a place where he would be.

SOME time after my arrival at Gex the Bishop of Geneva came to see us. I spoke to him with the impetuosity of the spirit which guided me. He was so convinced of the spirit of God in me that he could not refrain from saying so. He was even affected and touched by it, opened his heart to me about what God desired of him, and how he had been turned aside from fidelity and grace; for he is a good prelate, and it is the greatest pity in the world that he is so weak in allowing himself to be led by others. When I have spoken to him, he always entered into what I said, acknowledging that what I said had the character of truth; and this could not be otherwise, since it was the spirit of truth that made me speak to him, without which I was only a stupid creature; but as soon as the people who wished to rule him and could not endure any good that did not come from themselves, spoke to him, he allowed himself to be influenced against the truth. It is this weakness, joined to some others, which has hindered him from doing all the good in his diocese that otherwise he would have done. After I had spoken to him he told me that he had it in mind to give me as director Father La Combe; that he was a man enlightened of God, who understood well the ways of the spirit, and had a singular gift for calming souls—these are his own words—that he had even told him, the Bishop, many things regarding himself, which he knew to be very true, since he felt in himself what the Father said to him. I had great joy that the Bishop of Geneva gave him to me as director, seeing that thereby the external authority was joined to the grace which seemed already to have given him to me by that union and effusion of supernatural grace.

As I was very weak, I could not raise myself in bed without falling into a faint; and I could not remain in

in bed. The Sisters neglected me utterly, particularly the one in charge of the housekeeping, who did not give me what was necessary for my life. I had not a shilling to provide for myself, for I had reserved nothing, and the Sisters received all the money which came to me from France—a very large sum. Thus I had the advantage of practising a little poverty, and being in want with those to whom I had given everything ☉ ☉

They wrote to Father La Combe to come and take my confession. He very charitably walked all night, although he had eight long leagues; but he used always to travel so, imitating in this as in everything else, our Lord Jesus Christ. As soon as he entered the house without my knowing it my pains were alleviated. And when he came into my room and blessed me, with his hands on my head, I was perfectly cured, and I evacuated all the water, so that I was able to go to the mass. The doctors were so surprised that they did not know how to account for my cure; for being Protestants, they were unable to recognize a miracle. They said it was madness, that my sickness was in the imagination, and a hundred absurdities, such as might be expected from people otherwise vexed by the knowledge that we had come to withdraw from error those who were willing.

A violent cough however remained, and those Sisters of themselves told me to go to my daughter, and take milk for a fortnight, after which I might return. As soon as I set out, Father La Combe, who was returning and was in the same boat, said to me, "Let your cough cease." It at once stopped, and although a furious gale came down upon the lake which made me vomit, I coughed no more at all. This storm became so violent that the waves were on the point of capsizing the boat. Father La Combe made the sign of

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the cross over the waves, and although the billows became more disturbed, they no longer came near, but broke more than a foot distant from the boat—a fact noticed by the boatmen and those in the boat, who looked upon him as a saint. Thus I arrived at Thonon at the Ursulines, perfectly cured, so instead of adopting remedies as I had proposed, I entered on a retreat which I kept for twelve days.

One of the Sisters I had brought, who was a very beautiful girl, became connected with an ecclesiastic who had authority in this place. He inspired her from the first with an aversion to me, judging well that if she had confidence in me, I would not advise her to allow his frequent visits. She undertook a retreat. I begged her not to enter on it until I was there; for it was the time I was making my own. This ecclesiastic was very glad to let her make it, in order to get entirely into her confidence, for it would have served as a pretext for his frequent visits. The Bishop of Geneva had assigned Father La Combe as director of our House without my asking, so that it came purely from God. I then begged this girl, as Father La Combe was to conduct the retreat, she would wait for him. As I was already commencing to get an influence over her mind, she yielded to me against her own inclination, which was willing enough to make it under that ecclesiastic. I began to speak to her of prayer, and to cause her to offer it. Our Lord therein gave her such blessing that this girl, in other respects very discreet, gave herself to God in earnest and with all her heart. The retreat completed the victory. Now as she apparently recognized that to connect herself with that ecclesiastic was something imperfect, she was more reserved. This much displeased the worthy ecclesiastic, and embittered him against Father La Combe and me, and this was the source of all the persecutions

that befell me. The noise in my room ceased when that commenced. This ecclesiastic, who heard confession in the House, no longer regarded me with a good eye. He began secretly to speak of me with scorn. I knew it, but said nothing to him, and did not for that cease confessing to him. There came to see him a certain monk who hated Father La Combe in consequence of his regularity. They formed an alliance, and decided that they must drive me out of the House, and make themselves masters of it. They set in motion for this purpose all the means they could find. The ecclesiastic seeing himself supported, no longer kept any bounds. They said that I was stupid, that I had a silly air. They could judge of my mind only by my air, for I hardly spoke to them. This went so far that they made a sermon out of my confession, and it circulated through the whole diocese. They said that some people were so frightfully proud that in place of confessing gross sins, they confessed only peccadillos; then they gave a detail, word for word, of everything I had confessed. I am willing to believe that this worthy priest was accustomed only to the confessions of peasants, for the faults of a person in the state which I was, astonished him; and made him regard what were really faults in me, as fanciful; for otherwise assuredly he would not have acted in such a manner. I still accused myself, however, of a sin of my past life, but this did not content him, and I knew he made a great commotion because I did not accuse myself of more notable sins. I wrote to Father La Combe to know if I could confess past sins as present, in order to satisfy this worthy man. He told me, no, and that I should take great care not to confess them except as passed, and that in confession the utmost sincerity was needed.

A few days after my arrival at Gex by night I saw in

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a dream (but a mysterious dream, for I perfectly well distinguished it) Father La Combe fixed on a cross of extraordinary height. He was naked in the way our Lord is pictured. I saw an amazing crowd who covered me with confusion and cast upon me the ignominy of his punishment. It seemed he suffered more pain than I, but I more reproaches than he. This surprised me the more, because, having seen him only once, I could not imagine what it meant. But I have indeed seen it accomplished. At the same time I saw him thus fixed to the cross, these words were impressed on me; "I will strike the shepherd and the sheep shall be scattered;" and these others, "I have specially prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not, Satan has desired to sift thee."

Up to that time the Bishop of Geneva had shown me much esteem and kindness, and therefore this man cleverly took him off his guard. He urged upon the prelate that, in order to make certain of me for that House, he ought to compel me to give up to it the little money I had reserved for myself, and to bind me by making me Superior. He knew well that I would never bind myself there, and that, my vocation being elsewhere, I could never give my capital to that House, where I had come only as a visitor; and that I would not be Superior, as I had many times already declared; and that even should I bind myself, it would only be on the condition that this should not be. I believe, indeed, that this objection to being Superior was a remnant of the selfhood, coloured with humility. The Bishop of Geneva did not in the least penetrate the intentions of that ecclesiastic, who was called in the country the little Bishop, because of the ascendancy he had acquired over the mind of the Bishop of Geneva. He thought it was through affection for me, and zeal for this House, that this man desired to bind me to it;

consequently he at once fell in with the proposal, resolving to carry it through at whatever price. The ecclesiastic, seeing he had so well succeeded, no longer kept any bonds as regarded me. He commenced by stopping the letters I wrote to Father La Combe.

Father La Combe none the less went to Annecy, where he found the Bishop much prejudiced and embittered. He said to him; "My Father, it is absolutely necessary to bind that lady to give what she has to the House at Gex, and to become the Superior." "My Lord," answered Father La Combe, "you know what she has herself told you of her vocation both at Paris and in this country, and therefore I do not believe she will consent to bind herself. It is not likely that, having given up everything in the hope of going to Geneva, she should bind herself elsewhere, and thus render it impossible for her to accomplish God's designs for her. She has offered to remain with these good Sisters as a lodger. If they desire to keep her in that capacity she will remain with them; if not, she is resolved to withdraw into some convent until God shall dispose of her otherwise." The Bishop answered: "My Father, I know all that, but at the same time I know she is obedient, and if you so order her, she will surely do it." ¶ "It is for this reason, my lord, because she is obedient, that one should be very cautious in the commands one gives her," answered the Father.

This ecclesiastic and his friend went through all the places where Father La Combe had held his mission, to decry him and to speak against him so violently that a woman was afraid to say her "Pater" because, she said, she had learned it from him. They made a fearful scandal through the whole country, for the day after my arrival at the Ursulines of Thonon, he set out in the morning to preach the lenten sermons at the Valley of Aosta. He came to say adieu to me, and

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at the same time told me he would go to Rome, and probably would not return, that his superiors might keep him there, that he was sorry to leave me in a strange country without help, and persecuted by every one. Did not that trouble me? I said to him: "My Father, I am not troubled at it. I use the creatures for God, and by His order; through His mercy I get on very well without them. I am quite content never to see you again, if such be His will, and to remain under persecution."

For me, there was hardly a day passed that they did not put upon me new insults, and make attacks quite unexpected. The New Catholics, on the report of the Bishop, the ecclesiastic, and the Sisters of Gex, stirred up against me all people of piety. I was not much affected by that. If I could have been at all, it would have been because everything was thrown upon Father La Combe, although he was absent; and they made use even of his absence, to destroy all the good he had done in the country by his missions and sermons, which was very great. The devil gained much in this business. I could not however, pity this good Father, remarking herein the conducting of God, who desired to annihilate him. At the commencement I committed faults by a too great anxiety and eagerness to justify him, conceiving it simple justice. I did not the same for myself, for I did not justify myself; but our Lord made me understand I should do for the Father what I did for myself, and allow him to be destroyed and annihilated; for thereby he would derive a far greater glory than he had done from all his reputation.

After Father La Combe arrived he came to see me, and wrote to the Bishop to know if he approved of my making use of him, and confessing to him as I had done before. The Bishop sent me word to do so, and thus I did it in all possible submissiveness. In his absence

I always confessed to the confessor of the House. The first thing he said to me was that all his lights were deceptions, and that I might return. I did not know why he said this. He added that he could not see an opening to anything, and therefore it was not probable God had anything for me to do in that country. These words were the first greeting he gave me.

When Father La Combe proposed me to return, I felt some slight repugnance in the senses, which did not last long. The soul cannot but allow herself to be led by obedience, not that she regards obedience as a virtue, but it is that she cannot be otherwise, nor wish to do otherwise; she allows herself to be drawn along without knowing why or how, as a person who should allow himself to be carried along by the current of a rapid river. She cannot apprehend deception, nor even make a reflection thereon. Formerly it was by self-surrender, but in her present state it is without knowing or understanding what she does, like a child whom its mother might hold over the waves of a disturbed sea, and who fears nothing, because it neither sees nor knows the danger; or like a madman who casts himself into the sea without fear of destroying himself. It is not that exactly, for to cast one's self is an "own" action, which here the soul is without. She finds herself there, and she sleeps in the vessel without dreading the danger. It was a long time since any means of support had been sent me. Untroubled and without any anxiety for the future, unable to fear poverty and famine, I saw myself stripped of everything, unprovided for and without papers.

My daughter recovered her health. I must tell how this happened. She had smallpox and the purples. They brought a doctor from Geneva, who gave her up in despair. They made Father La Combe come in to take her confession; he gave her his blessing, and at

the same instant the smallpox and the purples disappeared, and the fever left her. The doctor, though a Protestant, offered to give a certificate of miracle. But although my daughter was restored, my crosses were not lessened, owing to her bad education. The persecutions on the part of the New Catholics continued, and became even more violent, without my ceasing on that account to do them all the good I could. What caused me some pain was that the mistress of my daughter came often to converse with me. I saw so much imperfection in these conversations, although spiritual, that I could not avoid making it known to her, and as this hurt her, I was weak enough to be pained at paining her, and to continue out of mere complacency things which I saw to be very imperfect. ¶ Father La Combe introduced order in many things regarding my daughter; but the mistress was so hurt that the friendship she had for me changed into coolness and distance. However, she had grace, she readily got over it; but her natural character carried her away.



FATHER La Combe was a very great preacher. His style was peculiarly his own. Various accounts come to us of his power in swaying his audience. The man was tall, thin, ascetic and of remarkably handsome presence. His speech was slow, deliberate, kindly, courteous, and most effective. He disarmed criticism, from his first word. His voice was not loud, nor deep and he had that peculiar oratorical power

which by pause and poise compels the audience to come to him. Madame Guyon relates that when he began to speak it was in a tone scarcely audible, and the audience leaned forward and listened with breathless interest. Occasionally during his sermon he would pause and kneel in silent prayer, and often by his pauses—his very silences—he would reach a degree of eloquence that would sway his hearers to tears.

The man had intellect, great spirituality, and moreover was a great actor, which latter fact need not be stated to his discredit—he used his personality to press home the truth he wished to impart.

The powers at Rome realizing Father La Combe's ability as a preacher, refused to allow him a regular parish, but employed him in moving about from place to place conducting retreats. We would now call him a traveling evangelist.

Monasteries and nunneries are very human institutions, and quibble, strife, jealousy, bickering, faction and feud play an important part in their daily routine. To keep down the cliques and prevent disintegration, the close inspection of visiting prelates is necessary. Father La Combe, by his gentle, saintly manner, his golden speech, was everywhere a power for good.

Madame Guyon came under the sway of Father La Combe's eloquence. She felt the deep, abiding strength of his character. He was the first genuine man she had ever met, and in degree he filled her ideal. She sought him in confession, and the quality of her confession must surely have made an impression on him. Spirituality

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and sex are closely akin. Oratory and a well sexed nature go together.

Father La Combe was a man. Madame Guyon was a woman ☪ ☪

Both were persons of high intellect, great purity of purpose, and sincerity of intent. But neither knew that piety is a bi-product of sex.

They met to discuss religious themes—she wished to advise with him as to her spiritual estate. He treated her as a daughter—kissed her forehead when they parted, blessed her with laying on of hands.

Their relationship became mystic, symbolic, solemn and filled with a deep religious awe; she had dreams where Father La Combe appeared to her—afterward she could not tell whether the dream was a vision or a reality. When they met in reality, she construed it into a dream. God was leading them, they said. They lived in God—and in each other.

Father La Combe went his way, bidding her a tender farewell—parting forever. In a few weeks Madame would appear at one of his retreats with a written consent from the bishop.

She followed him to his home in Gex, and then to Geneva. She entered a convent and worked as a menial so as to be near him. The Bishop made Father La Combe her official advisor, so as to lend authority to their relationship.

All would have been well, had not the ardor and intensity of Madame Guyon's nature attracted the attention and then the jealousy of various monks and

nuns. A woman of Madame Guyon's nature is content with nothing less than ownership and complete possession. She announced herself as mother-by-grace to Father La Combe. This meant that God had sanctified their relationship, so she was his actual mother, all brought about by a miracle no less peculiar and wonderful than the story of the bread and wine. Through this miracle of motherhood she thought she must be near him always, care for him, "mother" him, drudge for him, slave for him, share his poverty and pain.

Such abject devotion is both beautiful and pathetic. That it bordered on insanity there is no doubt. Father La Combe accepted the "motherhood" as sent by God, but later distrusted it and tried to send Madame Guyon away ☉ ☉

She accepted this new cross as a part of her purification. She suffered intensely, and so did he.

It was a relationship divinely human, and they were trying to prove to themselves and others that it was something else, for at that time people did not believe in the divinity of human love.

Rumors became rife, charges were brought and proved. The Church is now, and always has been very lenient in its treatment of erring priests. In fact those in authority take the lofty ground that a priest, like a king, can do no wrong, and that sins of the flesh are impossible to one divinely anointed. And as for the woman, she is merely guilty of indiscretion at the worst.

Madame Guyon's indiscretion took the form of religious ecstasy, and she claimed that the innermost living God

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was guiding her footsteps into a life of "Pure Love" or constant, divine adoration. Charges of "false doctrine" were brought against her, and Father La Combe was cautioned to have nothing to do with Madame Guyon in any way. For a time he assumed a harshness he did not feel, and ordered her back to her home to remain with her kinsmen—that he had a communication from God saying this was His will.

Madame started to obey, but fell ill to the point of death, and Father La Combe was sent for to come and take her last confession and bestow the rite of extreme unction ☩ ☩

He came, a miracle was performed and Madame got well. ¶ The relationship was too apparent to waive or overlook—scandal filled the air. Nuns and monks were quitting their religious devotions to talk about it. Common, little, plain preachers might have their favorites, but Father La Combe and Madame Guyon were in the world's eye.

The churchly authorities became alarmed at the influence exerted by Father La Combe and Madame Guyon. Their doctrine of "Quietism" or constant, pure love was liable to create a schism. What the church wants is fixity, security and obedience. At that time in France the civil authorities and the Church worked together. The "lettre de cachet" was utilized and Father La Combe was landed suddenly and safely in the Bastille.

We have gotten so used to liberty that we can hardly realize that only a hundred years ago, men were

arrested without warrant, no charge having been made against them, tried in secret and disposed of as if they were already dead.

Father La Combe never regained his liberty. His mind reeled under his misfortunes and he died insane.

Madame Guyon was banished to a nunnery, which was a bastille arranged for ladies. For two years she was kept under lock and key. The authorities however relaxed their severities, not realizing that she was really more dangerous than Father La Combe. Priests are apt to deal gently with beautiful women. From her prison Madame Guyon managed to get a letter to Fenelon, Bishop of Cambray. She asked for a hearing and that her case be passed upon by a tribunal. Fenelon referred the letter to Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, recommending that the woman be given a hearing and judgment rendered as to the extent of her heresy.

By a singular fatality Bossuet appointed Fenelon as chairman or chief inquisitor of the committee to investigate the vagaries and conduct of the Madame.

Bossuet, himself, became interested in the woman. He went to see her in prison, and her beauty, her intellect, her devotion, appealed to him.

Bossuet was an orator, the greatest in France at that time. His only rival was Fenelon, but the style and manner of the men were so different, they really played off against each other as foils.

Bossuet was vehement, powerful—what we would call “western.” Fenelon was suave, gentle and won by an appeal to the highest and best in the hearts of

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the hearers. Father La Combe and Fenelon were very much alike, only Father La Combe had occupied a local position, while that of Fenelon was national. Fenelon was a diplomat, an author, an orator.

Madame Guyon's autobiography reveals the fact that Bossuet was enough interested in her case to have her removed to a nunnery near where he lived, and there he often called upon her. He read to her from his own writings, instead of analyzing hers, which proves priests to be simply men at the last. Bossuet needed the feminine mind to bolster his own, but Madame and he did not mix. In her autobiography she hesitates about actually condemning Bossuet, but describes him as short and fat, so it looks as if she were human, too, since what repelled her was his physical characteristics. When a woman describes a man she always begins by telling how he looks.

Madame Guyon says :

“ The Bishop of Meaux wished me to change my name, so that, as he said, it should not be known I was in his diocese, and that people should not torment him on my account. The project was the finest in the world, if he could have kept a secret; but he told everybody he saw that I was in such a convent, under such a name. Immediately, from all sides anonymous libels against me were sent to the Mother Superior and the nuns.”

With Fenelon, it was very different. Her heart went out to him—he was the greatest man she had ever seen, greater even than Father La Combe.

Fenelon's first interview with Madame Guyon was simply in an official way, but her interest in him was very personal. This is evidenced from her brief, but very fervent mention of the incident.

Having been visited by the Abbe de Fenelon, I was suddenly with extreme force and sweetness interested for him. It seemed to me our Lord united him to me very intimately, more so than any one else. It appeared to me that, as it were, a spiritual filiation took place between him and me. The next day, I had the opportunity of seeing him again. I felt interiorly this first interview did not satisfy him: that he did not relish me. I experienced a something which made me long to pour my heart into his; but I found nothing to correspond, and this made me suffer much. In the night I suffered extremely about him. In the morning I saw him. We remained some time in silence, and the cloud cleared off a little; but it was not yet as I wished it. I suffered for eight whole days; after which, I found myself united to him without obstacle, and from that time I find the union increasing in a pure and ineffable manner. It seems to me that my soul has a perfect rapport with his, and those words of David regarding Jonathan, that "his soul clave to that of David," appeared to me suitable for this union. Our Lord has made me understand the great designs He has for this person, and how dear he is to Him."

The justice of God causes suffering from time to time for certain souls until their entire purification. As soon as they have arrived where God wishes them, one suffers no longer for anything for them; and the union which had been often covered with clouds, is cleared up in such a manner that it becomes like a very pure atmosphere, penetrated everywhere, without distinction, by the light of the sun. As Fenelon has given to

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me in a more intimate manner than any other, what I have suffered, what I am suffering, and what I shall suffer for him, surpasses anything that can be told. The least partition between him and me, between him and God, is like a little dirt in the eye, which causes it an extreme pain, and which would not inconvenience any other part of the body where it might be put. What I suffer for him is very different from what I suffer for others; but I am unable to discover the cause, unless it be, God has united me to him more intimately than to any other, and that God has greater designs for him than for the others.

Fenelon the ascetic, he of the subtle intellect and high spiritual quality had never met a woman on an absolute equality. Madame Guyon's deep religious fervor disarmed him. He saw her often that he might comprehend the nature of her mission.

In the official investigation that followed he naturally found himself the defender of her doctrines. She was condemned by the court, but Fenelon put in a minority report of explanation. The nature of the man was to defend the accused person; this was evidenced by his defence of the Huguenots, when he lifted up his voice for their liberty at a time when religious liberty was unknown. His words might have been the words of Thomas Jefferson, to whom Fenelon bore a strange resemblance in feature. Says Fenelon: "The right to be wrong in matters of religious belief must be accorded, otherwise we produce hypocrites instead of persons with an enlightened belief that is fully their own. If truth be mighty and God all-powerful, his children need not fear that disaster will follow free-

dom of thought." ¶ After Madame Guyon was condemned she was allowed to go on suspended sentence, with a caution that silence was to be the price of her liberty, for before this she had attracted to herself, even in prison, congregations of several hundred to whom she preached, and among whom she distributed her writings.

The earnest, the sincere, the spiritual Fenelon never suspected where this friendship was to lead. Even when Madame Guyon slipped into his simple, little household as a servant under an assumed name, he was inwardly guileless. This proud woman with the domineering personality now wore wooden shoes and the garb of a scullion. She scrubbed the floors, did laundry work, cooked, even worked in the garden looking after the vegetables and flowers, that she might be near him.

Fenelon accepted this servile devotion, regarding it as a part of the woman's penance for sins done in the past. Most certainly love is blind, at least myopic, for Fenelon of the strong and subtle mind could not see that service for the beloved is the highest joy, and the more menial the service the better. Madame sought to deceive herself by making her person unsightly to her lord, and so she wore coarse and ragged dresses, calloused her hands, and allowed the sun to tan and freckle her face.

Of course then the inevitable happened—the intimacy slipped off into the most divine of human loves, or the most human of divine loves, if you prefer to express

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it so. ¶ To prevent the scandal the other servants were sent away.

Nothing can be kept secret excepting for a day. A person of Madame Guyon's worth could not be lost or secreted ¶ ¶

For Fenelon to defend her, and then secrete her was unpardonable to the arrogant Bossuet.

Fenelon had now to defend himself. How much of political rivalry as well as ecclesiastic has been made by the favor of women who shall say! Of her intimate relationship with Fenelon Madame Guyon says nothing. The bond was of too sacred a nature to discuss and here her frankness falters, as it should. She does not even defend it.

Fenelon and Madame Guyon were plotting against the Church and State—how very natural! The Madame was fifty; Fenelon was forty-seven—they certainly were old enough to know better, but they did not.

They parted of their own accord, solemnly and in tearful prayer, for parting is such sweet sorrow. And then in a few weeks, they met again to consult as to the future ¶ ¶

Soon Bossuet stepped in and induced the Vatican to do for them what they could not do alone. Fenelon was stripped of his official robes, reduced to the rank of a parish priest and sent to minister to an obscure and stricken church in the south of France. The country was battle-scarred, and poverty, ignorance and want stalked through the streets of the little village. Here Fenelon lived, as did the exiled Copernicus, forbidden



Madame Guyon

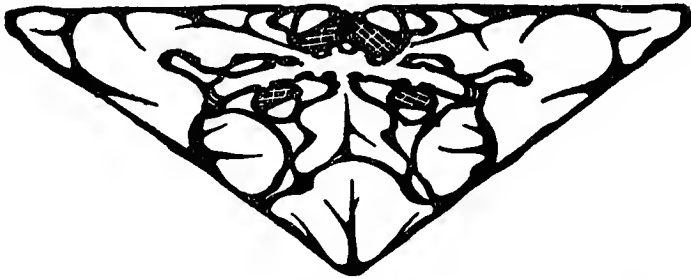
to travel more than six miles from his church, or to speak to any but his own flock.

Here he gave his life as a teacher of children, a nurse, a doctor and a spiritual guide to a people almost devoid of spirituality.

Madame Guyon was sent to a nunnery, where she was actually a prisoner, working as a menial. Fenelon and Madame Guyon were never to meet again, but once a month they sent each other a love letter on spiritual themes in which love wrote between the lines.

Time had tamed the passions of Madame Guyon, otherwise no convent walls would have been high enough to keep her captive. Sweet, sad memories fed her declining days, and within a few weeks of her death she declared that her life had been a success "for I have been loved by Fenelon, the greatest and most saintly man of his time."

As for Fenelon, the world's verdict seemed to be that he was ruined by Madame Guyon, but if he ever thought so, no sign of recrimination ever escaped his lips ☪ ☪



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JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE, EDITOR
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L. J. 11

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BALLADE OF OLD DAYS

By HENRY D. MUIR

UES, here 's the shell I found that day
(This curious, glowing spiral shell)
When I roamed Capri. Naples bay,
A sapphire-molten miracle
Of sheening light and color-spell,
Was mine to own:—O vision! come
To meet me now where shadows dwell,
Here, in the garret's cobwebbed gloom.

How bright and broad the moon's path lay!
As back I rode the languid swell
That met the town-cast lights, the play
Of noises grew, and rose and fell
To cadences of flute and bell.—

I mounted to a latticed room * * * *
Old comrade! strange the things you tell,—
Here, in the garret's cobwebbed gloom!

O heart of night!—the song—the gay
Keen jest—the wines from vaulted well,
Flashing the coolness! And the ray
Of fancy's glowing parallel
To all of heaven and earth and hell!
Old comrade! how old lights illumine;
How spread the flowers from memory's dell,—
Here, in the garret's cobwebbed gloom!

L'ENVOI

Prince of goodfellows!—you whose cell
Is still wide world where pleasures bloom,
Forgive Time's brooding sentinel,—
Here, in the garret's cobwebbed gloom!

THE PHILISTINE

ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor, East Aurora, N. Y.

Subscription, One Dollar Per Year

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A. SCHILLING.

San Francisco, Cal., June 16, 1906.

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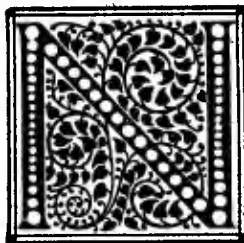
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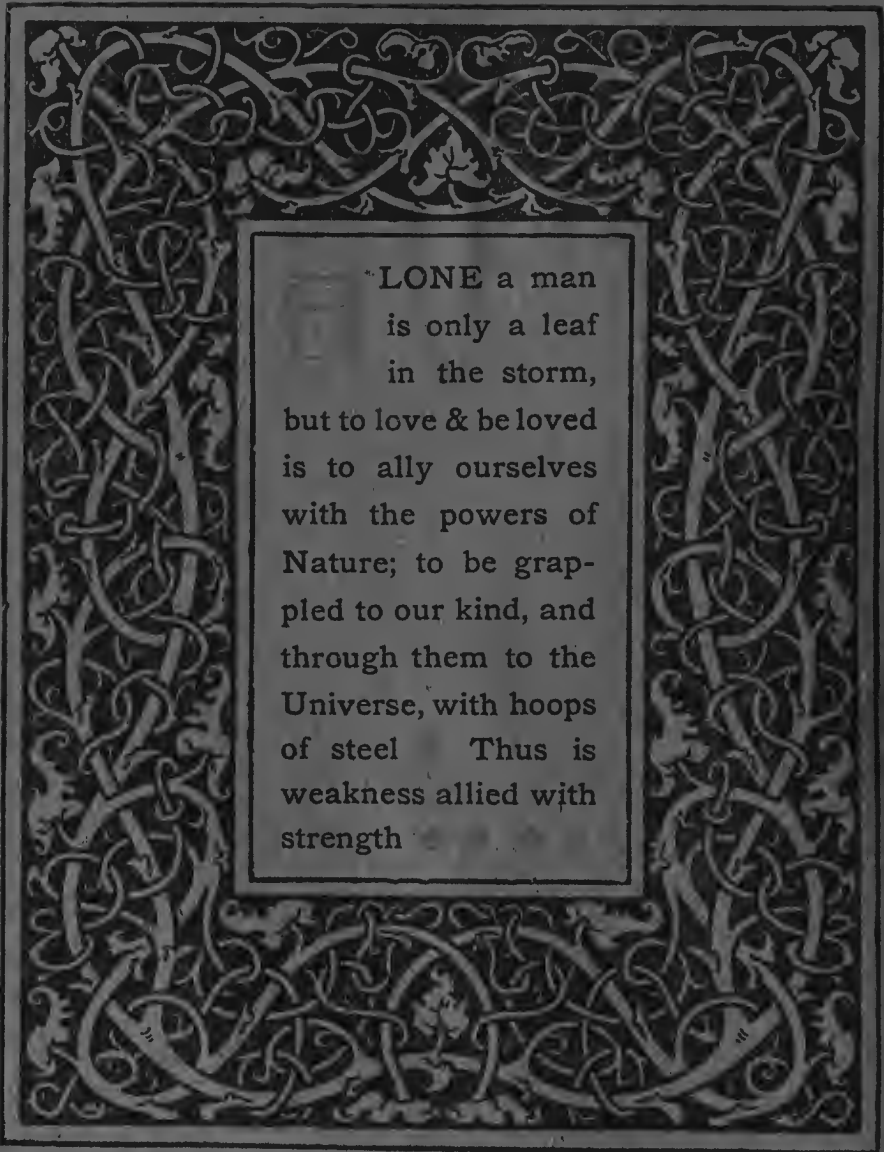
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in the storm,
but to love & be loved
is to ally ourselves
with the powers of
Nature; to be grap-
pled to our kind, and
through them to the
Universe, with hoops
of steel Thus is
weakness allied with
strength

Vol. XIX

OCTOBER, 1906

No. 4

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To Homes of Great Lovers
BY ELBERT HUBBARD

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AND

HELENE VON DONNIGES

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By ELBERT HUBBARD

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THE PHILISTINE
ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor, East Aurora, New York
Subscription, One Dollar a Year, Ten Cents a Copy

Folks who do not know how to take THE PHILISTINE had better not.—Ali Baba.

¶ Each number of the magazine contains articles on subjects having the attention of the Public. Some of the Preachments are of a political nature, some ethical and sociological, some are humorous. These last are especially important. Many articles from THE PHILISTINE have been reprinted and sold by the hundred thousand. By subscribing you get the articles at first hand. Write for Special Combination Offer.

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"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF
GREAT LOVERS

Ferdinand Lassalle &
Helene von Donniges



Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters
at their Shop which is in East Aurora,
Erie Co., New York, A. D. MCMVI



Lassalle

A WISE man has said that there is a difference between fact and truth. He has also told us that things may be true and still not be so. The truth as to the love story of Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Donniges can only be told by adhering strictly to the facts. Facts are not only stubborn things, but often very inconvenient; yet in this instance the simple facts fall easily into dramatic form, and the only way to tell the story seems to be to let it tell itself. Dramas are made up of incidents that have happened to somebody sometime, but in no instance that I ever heard of have all the situations pictured in a play happened to the persons who played the parts. The business of the playwright is selection and rejection, and usually the dramatic situations revealed have been culled from very many lives over a long course of years. Here the author need but reveal the tangled skein woven by Fate, Meddling Parents, Pride, Prejudice, Caprice, Ambition, Passion. In other words it is human nature in a tornado, and human nature is a vagrant ship, with a spurious chart, an uncertain compass, a drunken pilot, a mutinous crew and a crazy captain.

The moral seems to be that the tragedy of existence lies in interposing that newly discovered thing called intellect into the delicate affairs of life, instead of having faith in God, and moving serenely with the eternal tide.

Moses struck the rock, and the waters gushed forth; but if Moses had found a spring in the desert and then toiled mightily to smother it with a mountain of arid sand, I doubt me much whether the name of Moses would now live as one of the saviors of the world.

Parties with an eczema for management would do well to Butt their Heads three times against the Wall and take note that the Wall falls not. Then and then only are they safe from Megalocephalia. There are temptations in life that require all of one's will to succumb to; and he who resists not the current of his being, nor attempts to dam the fountain of life for another, shall be crowned with bay and be fed on ambrosia in Elysium.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

FERDINAND LASSALLE

PRINCE YANKO RACOWITZA

HERR VON DONNIGES

HERR HOLTHOFF

KARL MARX

DR. HAENLE

JACQUES

HELENE VON DONNIGES

FRAU VON DONNIGES

FRAU HOLTHOFF

HILDA VON DONNIGES

Servants, maids, butler, landlord, ladies and gentlemen.

FERDINAND LASSALLE AND HELENE VON DONNIGES

ACT I.

Scene: Parlors of Herr and Frau Holthoff at their home in Berlin.

[An informal conference of the leading members of the Allied Working Men's Clubs. Present various ladies and gentlemen, some seated, others standing, talking.]

Enter DR. HAENLE

HERR HOLTHOFF. Hello, Comrade Haenle, I am very glad to see you here.

DR. HAENLE. Not more glad than I am to be here.

[They shake hands cordially, all around.]

HERR HOLTHOFF. [To his wife] My dear, you see Dr. Haenle has come—I win my bet!

DR. HAENLE. I hope you two have not been gambling!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Yes, Doctor, we made a bet, and I am delighted to lose!

DR. HAENLE. You mystify me!

HERR HOLTHOFF. Well, the fact is that Madame had a dream in which you played a part; she thought you had been—what is that word, my dear?

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Expatriated.

HERR HOLTHOFF. Yes, expatriated—sent out of the country for the country's good.

DR. HAENLE. It would be a great compliment!

HERR HOLTHOFF. True, you could then join our own Richard Wagner in Switzerland!

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

DR. HAENLE. Could I but write such songs as he does, I would relish the fate!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. But the people who sent him into exile never guessed that they were giving him the leisure to write immortal music.

DR. HAENLE. People who persecute other people never know what they do.

HERR HOLTHOFF. It is n't so bad to be persecuted, but it is a terrible thing to persecute.

DR. HAENLE. It is often a good thing for the persecuted provided he can spare the time—how does that strike you, Herr Marx?

KARL MARX. I fully agree in the sentiment. There seems to be an Eternal Spirit of Wisdom that guides man and things, and this Spirit cares only for the end.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Nature's solicitude is for the race, not the individual.

KARL MARX. Exactly so!

HERR HOLTHOFF. Get that in your forthcoming book, Brother Marx, and give credit to the Madame.

KARL MARX. I surely will. Most of my original thoughts I get from my friends.

HERR HOLTHOFF. You may not be so grateful when the book is published.

KARL MARX. You mean I may sing the Pilgrims' Chorus with Richard across the border?

HERR HOLTHOFF. Yes, the government is growing very sensitive.

DR. HAENLE. Which has nothing to do with the publication of "Das Kapital"—eh, Herr Marx?

KARL MARX. Not the slightest. The book will live, regardless of the fate of the author.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. You do not seem very sanguine of immediate success of the working men's party!

KARL MARX. We will succeed when the ditches are even full of our dead—then progress can pass.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. And that time has not come?

KARL MARX. I hope we are great enough not to deceive ourselves. We work for truth—whether this truth will be accepted by the many this year, or next, or the next century, we cannot say, but that should not deter us from our best endeavors.

HELENE VON DONNIGES. [Golden haired, enthusiastic, needlessly pink and gorgeously twenty]

Men fight for a thing and lose, and the men they fought fight for the same thing under another name, and win!

[All turn and listen] Life is in the fight not the achievement. Oh, I think it would be glorious to suffer, to be misunderstood, and fail—and yet know in our hearts that we were right—absolutely right, and that the wisdom of the ages will endorse our acts and on the tombs of some of us carve the word "Savior!"

KARL MARX. Grand, magnificent! That sounds just like Lassalle!

HELENE. There—that is the third time I have been told I talk just like Lassalle. Now let me say I never saw Lassalle.

DR. HAENLE. Then you have something to live for.

HELENE. Perhaps, but I echo no man. When one speaks from one's heart it is not complimentary to

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

have people suavely smile and say, "Goethe," "Voltaire," "Rousseau," "Shakespeare," "Lassalle!"

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Just see the company in which she places our Ferdinand!

HELENE. [Wearily] Oh, I am not trying to compliment Lassalle. The fact is, I dislike the man. His literary style is explosive; about all he seems to do is to paraphrase dear Karl Marx. Besides he is a Jew—

KARL MARX. Gently—I am a Jew!

HELENE. But you are different. Lassalle is aggressive, pushing, grasping—he has ego plus and [with relaxing tension] all I want to say is that I am a-weary of being accused of quoting Lassalle—that I do not know Lassalle, and what is more, I—

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Oh, you'll talk differently when you see him!

HELENE. But surely you, too, do not make genius exempt from the moral code?

DR. HAENLE. Oh, some one has been telling you about Madame Hatzfeldt—

HELENE. I know the undisputed facts.

KARL MARX. Which are that Ferdinand Lassalle at nineteen years of age became the legal counsel for Madame Hatzfeldt; that he fought her case through the courts for nine years; that he lost three times and finally won.

HELENE. And then became a member of the Madame's household.

KARL MARX. If so, with the Madame's permission.

HELENE. [Sarcastically] Certainly.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. That thirty years' difference in their ages ought to absolve him.

DR. HAENLE. To say nothing of the fee he received!

KARL MARX. The fee?

DR. HAENLE. One hundred thousand thalers.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Capital, also "Das Kapital!"

KARL MARX. I've made a note of it. A lawyer gets a single fee of one hundred thousand thalers—this under the competitive system—a hundred years of labor for the average working man!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. A lawyer at nineteen—studying on one case, knowing its every aspect and phase, pursuing the case for nine years, and opposed by six of the ablest, oldest and most influential legal lights in Germany, and gaining a complete victory!

KARL MARX. I've heard of successful authors of a single book, but I never before heard of a great lawyer with but one case!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Oh, Lassalle has had many cases offered him, but he refused them all so as to devote himself to the People vs. Entailed Nobility.

KARL MARX. You mean Entrenched Alleged Royalty.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Yes, I accept the correction—and this case he will win, just as he did the other.

HELENE. You would better say his body will go to fill up the sunken roadway!

DR. HAENLE. Good! that was your idea of success a few moments ago.

HELENE. I see, more of Lassalle.

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Oh, you two were just made for each other!

DR. HAENLE. You both have the fire, the dash, the enthusiasm, the personality, the beautiful unreasonableness, the—

HELENE. Go on.

KARL MARX. He is the greatest orator in Europe!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. And the handsomest man!

HELENE. Nonsense!

DR. HAENLE. You shall see!

HELENE. Shall I?

DR. HAENLE. You certainly shall. Indeed, Lassalle may be here this evening. He spoke in Dresden last night, and was to leave at once, after the address. His train was due—let me see—[consults watch] a half an hour ago. I told him if he came to drive straight here.

HELENE. [Slightly agitated] I must go—I promised papa I would be home at ten.

KARL MARX. And your papa would never allow you to stay out after ten any more than he would forgive you if he knew you visited with people who harbored Ferdinand Lassalle?

HELENE. My father is a busy man—a monarchist of course, and he has no time for the New Thought.

DR. HAENLE. He leaves that to you?

HELENE. Yes, he indulges me—he says the New Thought does him no harm and amuses me! See if my carriage is waiting, please. Thank you—

[Frau Holthoff starts to help Helene on with her wraps. Knocking is

heard at the door. Herr Holthoff goes into the hall to answer knock.]
HERR HOLTHOFF. [Outside] Well, well, Ferdinand the First, Ferdinand himself!

[Commotion—all move toward door.]

Enter **HERR HOLTHOFF** with **LASSALLE**.

[Lassalle is tall, slender, nervous, active, intelligent, commanding—all shake hands and he and Karl Marx embrace and kiss each other on the cheek. Helene stares, slips down behind the sofa, and seated on an ottoman reads intently with her nose in a book. The rest talk and move toward the center of the stage, gathering around Lassalle, who affectionately half embraces all—with remarks from everybody, “How well you look!” “And the news from Dresden!” “Did the police molest you?” “Was it a big audience?” etc. Lassalle seats himself on sofa with back to Helene who is immediately behind him.]

LASSALLE. We will win when fifty-one per cent of the voters declare themselves. You see nature never intended that ninety per cent of the people should slave for the other ten per cent. The world must see that we all should work—that to succeed we must work for each other. We have thought that educated men should not work and that men who work should not be educated. We have congested work and congested education and congested wealth. The good things of the world are for all, and if there were an even distribution there would be no want, no wretchedness. The rich for the most part waste and destroy and of course the many have to toil in order to make good this waste. When we can convince fifty-one per cent of the people that righteousness is only a form of self-preservation, that mankind is an organism and that we are all parts of the whole, the battle will be

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won. [Rises and paces the floor, still talking] I spoke last night to five thousand people, and the way they listened and applauded and applauded and listened, revealed how hungry the people are for truth. The hope of the world lies in the middle class—the rich are as ignorant as the poverty-stricken. A way must be devised to reach the rich—I can do it. Inaction—idleness, that is the curse. Life is fluid, and only running water is pure. Stagnation is death. Turbulent Rome was healthy, but quiescent Rome was soft, feverish, morbid, pathological. Now take Hamlet, what man ever had more opportunities? Heir to the throne—beauty, power, youth, intellect—all were his! What wrecked him? Why, inaction; he sat down to muse, instead of being up and doing. He wrangled, dawdled, dreamed, followed soothsayers, and consulted mediums until his mind was mush—

HELENE. [Rising quickly] Mad from the beginning!
[Lassalle and the two men to whom he was talking jump, turn, stare.]

HELENE. Mad from the beginning, I say!

[The two friends at once quit Lassalle and move off arm in arm talking, leaving Lassalle and Helene eyeing each other across the sofa. Her eyes flash defiance; he relaxes, smiles, paying no attention to her contradiction concerning Hamlet. He kneels on the sofa and leans toward her.]

LASSALLE. Ah, this is how you look! This is you! Yes, yes, it is as I thought. It is all right!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. [Bustling forward] Oh, I forgot you had not met—allow me to introduce—

LASSALLE. [Waving the Frau away, walks around the sofa taking Helene by the arm] What is the neces-

sity of introducing us! People who know each other do not have to be introduced. You know who I am! and you are Brunhilde, the Red Fox.

[Leads her around and seats her on the sofa and takes his place beside her, with one arm along the back of the sofa. Helene leans toward him, & flicks an imaginary particle of dust from his coat collar.]

HELENE. You were talking about your success in Dresden!

[Lassalle proceeds to talk to her most earnestly. She listens, nods approval, sighs and clasps her hands. The others in the room gather at opposite sides of the room and talk, but with eyes furtively turned now and then toward the couple, who are lost to the world, interested but in each other, and the great themes they are discussing.]

LASSALLE. I knew we must meet. Fate decreed it so. You are the Goddess of the morning and I am the Sun-god.

HELENE. You are sure then about your divinity?

LASSALLE. Yes, through a belief in yours.

HELENE. I knew I would meet you. I felt that I must, in order to get you out of my mind. I am betrothed, you know—

LASSALLE. I know—to me, from the foundation of the world.

HELENE. I am betrothed to Prince Yanko Racowitza. You never heard of him, of course. He is out of your class, because he is good, and gentle and kind, and of noble blood. And you are a demagogue, and a demi-god, and a Jew and a Mephisto! I told Yanko I would not wed him until I saw you. He has been trying to meet you, to introduce us.

LASSALLE. That you might be disillusioned!

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HELENE. Precisely so.

LASSALLE. How interesting! And how superfluous in your fairy prince.

HELENE. He is an extraordinary man, for he said I should see you and him both, see you together and take my choice.

LASSALLE. Good, he is a Christian, and does as he would be done by. I am a Christianized Jew and I will bejew all Christendom. Your prince is a useless appendenda, and I would kill him, were it not that I am opposed to duelling. I fought one duel—or did not fight it, I should say. I faced my man, he fired and missed. I threw my pistol into the bushes and held out my hand to the late enemy. He reeled toward me and fell into my arms, pierced by his emotions. He is now my friend. Had I killed him, the vexed question between us would still be unsettled. I believe in brain not brawn—soul not sense. Let us meet your prince, and when he sees you and me together, he will know we are one, and dare not withhold his blessing which we do not need. He shall be our page. Win people and use them, I say—use them! You and I working together can win & use humanity for humanity's good. We talk with the same phrases. You say, "Two wishes make a will," so do I. We read the same books, are fed at the same springs. Our souls blend together; great thoughts are children, born of married minds—

HELENE. My carriage is at the door—I surely must go!

LASSALLE. I'll order your coachman to go home, we will walk.

[Strides to the door, gives the order and in an instant returns, picks up Helene's wraps and proceeds to affectionately help her on with overshoes, cloak and hat.]

LASSALLE. The fact is that life lies in mutual service—any other course is merely existence. Those who do most for others, enjoy most. Well, good night, dear Karl Marx, [shakes hands] and you Dr. Haenle, what would life be to me without you! Good night Herr Holthoff and dear Frau Holthoff.

[Kisses the Frau's hand. Helene helps him on with overcoat and hands him his hat. They disappear through the right entrance arm in arm, faces turned toward each other, talking earnestly; as they go through the door. Lassalle lifts his hat to the company and says, "Good night, everybody." Those on the stage turn and stare at each other in amazement. Dr. Haenle breaks the silence with a laugh.]

DR. HAENLE. Well, well, well!

HERR HOLTHOFF. She is carried off on the back of a centaur.

KARL MARX. A whirlwind wooing!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. Affinities!

ACT II.

Scene: Hotel veranda in the Swiss Mountains.

[Present: Herr Holthoff, Frau Holthoff, Dr. Haenle, Lassalle and Helene, seated or walking about and talking leisurely. Surroundings beautiful and an air of peace pervades the place.]

DR. HAENLE. These early fall days are the finest of the year in the mountains.

HELENE. Yes, for then the guests have mostly gone.

LASSALLE. Just as the church is never quite so sacred as when the priest is not there!

FRAU HOLTHOFF. You mean the priest and congregation?

LASSALLE. Certainly, they go together. A priest apart from his people is simply a man.

HELENE. Ferdinand loves the Church!

LASSALLE. You should say a church, my lady fair!

HELENE. Yes, a church—this is the fourth time we have met. Two of the other times were in a church.

LASSALLE. [Ecstatically] Yes, in the dim, cool, religious light of a church, vacant save for us two—I should say for us one!

HELENE. We just sat and said the lover's litany—"Love like ours can never die."

HERR HOLTHOFF. Well, love and religion are one at the last.

LASSALLE. They were one once, and neither will be right until they are one again.

HELENE. A creed is made up of ossified metaphors,—lover's metaphors.

DR. HAENLE. Good, and every one can believe a

creed if you allow him to place his own interpretation on it!

LASSALLE. That is what we will do in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

DR. HAENLE. Which reminds me that Bismarck who loves you almost as well as we do, declares that you are a monarchist, not a socialist, the difference being that you believe in the house of Lassalle and he in the house of Hohenzollern.

LASSALLE. Which means I suppose that I will be king of the Co-operative Commonwealth?

HELENE. You will be if I have my way.

DR. HAENLE. Heresy and sedition! The woman who loves a man confuses him with God, and regards him as one divinely appointed to rule.

HELENE. I cannot deny it if I would.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. And yet to-morrow you and Lassalle part!

HELENE. Only for a time.

LASSALLE. For how long no man can say; that is why I have urged that we should be married here and now. A notary can be gotten from the village in an hour—you, dear comrades, shall be the witnesses.

HELENE. It is only my love that makes me hesitate. The future of Ferdinand Lassalle, and the future of socialism must not be jeopardized!

DR. HAENLE. Jeopardized?

LASSALLE. Jeopardized by love?

HELENE. The world would regard a marriage here as an elopement. My father would be furious. Who

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are we that we should run away to wed, as if I were a schoolgirl and Lassalle a grocer's clerk! Lassalle is the king of men. He convinces them by his logic, by his presence, by his enthusiasm—

HERR HOLTHOFF. He has convinced you in any event.

HELENE. And he can and will convince the world!

DR. HAENLE. I believe he will.

HELENE. And when he wins my parents he will secure an influence that will help usher in the Better Day. Besides—

LASSALLE. Besides?

HELENE. [Laughing] I am engaged to marry Prince Racowitza!

LASSALLE. [Smiling] True, I forgot. But when he sees the Goddess of the Dawn and the Socialistic Sun-god together, he will give them his blessing and renounce all claims.

HELENE. Exactly so.

DR. HAENLE. Which is certainly better than to snip him off without first tying the ligature.

FRAU HOLTHOFF. This whole situation is really amusing when one takes a cool look at it. Here is Helene betrothed to Prince Racowitza who is intelligent, kind, amiable, good, unobjectionable. And because society demands that a girl shall marry somebody, she accepts the situation, and unless Lassalle, the vagrant planet, came shooting through space, this girl of aspiration and ambition would have actually wedded the unobjectionable man and herself become

unobjectionable to please her unobjectionable parents.
HERR HOLTHOFF. That is a plain, judicial statement of the case made by the wife of a fairly good man.

LASSALLE. Error set in motion continues indefinitely, all according to the physical law of inertia. The customs of society continue, and are always regarded by the many as perfect, in fact, divine. This continues until some one called a demagogue and fanatic suggests a change. This talk of change causes a little wobble in the velocity of the error, but it still spins forward and crushes and mangles all who get in the way. That is what you call orthodoxy—the subjection of the many. The men, ran over and mangled, are spoken of as “dangerous.”

HERR HOLTHOFF. Which reminds me that when people say a man is dangerous, they simply mean that his ideas are new to them.

LASSALLE. [Seating himself at a table opposite Helene] You hear, my Goddess of the Dawn, Helene, that dangerous ideas are simply new ideas?

HELENE. Yes, I heard it and I have said it.

LASSALLE. Because I have said it.

HELENE. Undoubtedly—which is reason enough.

LASSALLE. Can you make your father believe that?

HELENE. I intend to try and I expect to succeed.

[All slip away and leave Helene and Lassalle alone. As the conversation grows earnest, he holds her hands across the table just as the lovers do in a Gibson picture.]

LASSALLE. And you still think this better than that we should proclaim the republic to-morrow, and have

our dear friends go down and inform the world that we are man and wife?

HELENE. Listen: The desire of my life is to be your wife. No ceremony can make us more completely one than we are now. My soul is intertwined with yours. All that remains is, how shall we announce the truth to the world? Shall we do it by the tongue of scandal? That is not necessary. Dr. Haenle can take you to call on my father. I will be there—we will meet incidentally. You are irresistible to men, as well as to women. My father will study you. You will allow him to talk—you will agree with him. After he has said all he has to say you will talk, and he will gradually agree with you. My parents will become accustomed to your presence—they will see that you are a gentleman. Prince Racowitza will be there, and he will not have to be told the truth—he will see it. He will be obedient to my wishes. He admires me and you—

LASSALLE. I love you.

HELENE. You love me—the word seems tame. I am simply yours.

LASSALLE. I realize it, and so like your little prince, I am obedient—an obedient rebel!

HELENE. A rebel?

LASSALLE. I say it, but very gently. I can win your parents and the prince, quite as well if introduced to them as your husband, as if we faced each other in their presence and pretended—a nice word, that,—pretended we had never met. There, I am done. I am now your page—your slave.

HELENE. [Disturbed and slightly nettled] Then grant me a small favor.

LASSALLE. Even if it be the half of my kingdom.

HELENE. Let me see a picture of Madame Hatzfeldt!

LASSALLE. Whom?

HELENE. Madame Hatzfeldt.

LASSALLE. [Coloring and confused] Oh, surely, I will—I will find one for you and send it by mail.

HELENE. Perhaps you have one in your pocketbook?

LASSALLE. Oh, that is so, possibly I have!

[Takes pocketbook out of breast pocket of his coat, fumbles and finds a small square photograph, which he passes over to Helene, who studies his face and then the photograph.]

HELENE. [Looking at picture] She has intellect!

LASSALLE. [Trying to laugh] She was born in 1808—I call her Gran'ma!

HELENE. Is she handsome?

LASSALLE. Oh, twenty years ago she was.

HELENE. Twenty years ago she was a woman in distress?

LASSALLE. Yes.

HELENE. And women in distress are very alluring to gallant and adventurous young men.

LASSALLE. It was twenty years ago, I say.

HELENE. And now you are—are friends?

LASSALLE. We are friends!

HELENE. [Archly] Shall I win her before we are married or after?

LASSALLE. After.

HELENE. As you say.

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LASSALLE. We are both needlessly humble, I take it!

[Smiles and gently takes her hand.]

HELENE. [Smiles back] We understand each other.

LASSALLE. And to be understood is paradise.

HELENE. We have been in paradise for eight days.

LASSALLE. Paradise.

HELENE. Paradise.

LASSALLE. And now we go out into the world—

HELENE. To meet at my father's house.

LASSALLE. At the day and hour next week that you shall name.

HELENE. Even so.

[They hold hands, look into each other's eyes wistfully and solemnly. Both rise and walk off stage in opposite directions. Lassalle hesitates, stops and looks back at her as if he expected she would turn and command him to go with her. She does not command him, and he goes off the stage alone, slowly and with a dejected air, which for him is unusual.]

ACT III.

Scene: A bedroom in the Metropolitan Hotel, Berlin.

[Lassalle in shirt sleeves, putting on his collar before the mirror. Jacques standing by, brushing his coat.]

LASSALLE. [Wrestling with unruly collar button] Yes, that is the coat. A long, plain, priestly coat. [Gaily, half to himself and half to valet] You see, I am going on a delicate errand, an errand rich in consequences, and I must not fail—

JACQUES. They say you never fail in anything.

LASSALLE. Which is not saying that I might not fail in the future.

JACQUES. Impossible.

LASSALLE. Now, to-day I am going to call on a man who hates me—who totally misunderstands me—and my task is to convince him, without mentioning the subject, that I am a gentleman. In fact—[a knock at the door] In fact—answer that, please, Jacques—to convince him that a man may be earnest and honest in his efforts for human betterment, and that—

JACQUES. [To porter at door] The master, Herr Lassalle is dressing. I will give him her card.

PORTER. She says she knows him, and demands admittance. She will give neither her name nor card.

JACQUES. Herr Lassalle cannot receive her here—patience—I will tell him, and he will see her in half an hour in the parlor!

Enter HELENE.

[Pauses breathlessly on the threshold, then pushes past the porter. The valet confronts her with arms outstretched to stay her entering.]

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HELENE. Ferdinand—I—I am here!

[Lassalle turns and stares, surprised, overcome, joyous—seizes the valet by the shoulders and pushes him out of the door, bowling over the porter who blocks the entrance. Lassalle and Helene face each other. He is about to take her in his arms, she backs away.]

HELENE. Not yet, dear, not yet!

[She sinks into a chair in great confusion, struggling for breath.]

LASSALLE. [Leaning over her tenderly] Tell me what has happened!

HELENE. The worst.

LASSALLE. You mean—

HELENE. That I told my father and mother!

LASSALLE. And they—

HELENE. Renounced me, cursed me—called me vile names—threatened me! They said you are a—[trying to laugh.]

LASSALLE. A Jew and a demagogue!

HELENE. Would to God they had used terms so mild.

LASSALLE. Did they attack my honor—my personal character?

HELENE. Why ask me! What they said is nothing. They are furious, blind with rage—I escaped to save my life—and—I am here.

LASSALLE. [Coolly, taking his seat in a chair opposite her] Yes, you are here, that is irrefutable. You are here—now we must consider the situation and then decide on what to do. First, let me ask you how you came to mention me to them.

HELENE. Is it necessary that we should enter into details? Pardon me, I am so sick with fear and humiliation. When I reached home I found the whole

household joyous over the news of my sister's betrothal to Count Kayserling. They are to be married in June. I thought it a good time to tell my own joy. You see, I hesitated about your coming here in subterfuge—you and I meeting as if we had never met. I told my sister first. She was grieved, but satisfied since it was my will. She kissed me in blessing. I am an honest woman, Ferdinand—that is, I want to be honest. I scorn a lie—my prayer is to leave every prevarication behind. So I told my mother of you—knowing of course there would be a storm, but never guessing the violence of it. She called in my father and cried, “Your daughter has been debauched by a Jew!” I resented the insult and tried to explain. I upheld you—my father seized a bread knife from the table and brandished it over me, trying to make me swear to never see you. I refused—he choked me and called me a harlot. To save my life I promised to never again see you. Their violence abated, and when their vigilance relaxed, I escaped and came here—here!

[Holds out her arms toward him; and cowers into her seat as she sees he does not respond.]

LASSALLE. Yes, you are here.

HELENE. Do you not see?—I have come to you.

LASSALLE. [Musingly] I see!

HELENE. Yes, and in doing this I have burned my bridges. I can never go back—I have broken my promise with them—for you. They are no longer my parents. The Paris Express goes in half an hour—

LASSALLE. You studied the time table?

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HELENE. [Trying to smile] Yes, I calculated the time. To be caught here is death to me, and prison to you. In this town my father is supreme—the law is construed as he devises—safety for us lies in flight!

LASSALLE. But my belongings!

HELENE. Your valet can attend to them.

LASSALLE. And I run away, flee?

HELENE. [Trying to be gay] Yes, with me.

LASSALLE. [Exasperatingly cool] It would be the first time I ever ran away from danger.

HELENE. If you remain here you may never have another chance.

LASSALLE. You mean that your father or that little prince, Yanko, may do me violence?

HELENE. No one can tell what my father may do in his present state of mind.

LASSALLE. Then I will remain and see.

HELENE. [In agony] We are wasting time. Do you understand that as soon as my absence is discovered, they will hunt for me—even now the police may be notified!

LASSALLE. Let cowards and criminals run—we have done nothing of which we need be ashamed.

HELENE. Surely not—but what more can I say! Oh, Ferdinand, my Ferdinand!

LASSALLE. Listen to me—

[Knocking is heard at the door. She involuntarily moves toward him for protection. He enfolds her in his arms just an instant. More knocking and louder. Lassalle tenderly puts her away from him and goes to the door, opens it. The landlord stands there with the porter behind him.]

LANDLORD. [Entering] You will pardon me, Herr Lassalle—but the mother and sister of the Fraulein are in the parlor below. They had spies follow her—it is all a misunderstanding, I know. But the young lady should—you will pardon me, both—should not be here with you. She will have to go. I declared to her mother that she was not here; the porter told her otherwise. The police are at the entrance, and you understand I cannot afford to have a scene. Will the Fraulein be so good as to go below and meet her mother?

HELENE. My mother! I have no mother.

LANDLORD. You will excuse me if I insist.

[Lassalle starts toward the landlord as if he would throttle him. Then bethinks himself and smiles.]

LASSALLE. Certainly, kind sir, she will go, and I will go with her. We will excuse you now!

[Puts hands on shoulder and half pushes landlord out of the door. Closes door.]

HELENE. [In terror] What shall I do?

LASSALLE. Do? Why there is only one thing to do—meet your mother and sister. I will go, too. [Adjusts his collar, puts on his vest and coat] There, I am ready—we go!

HELENE. You do not know them. It is death.

LASSALLE. Nonsense! Have I not addressed a mob and won. Do you trust me?

[Kisses her on the forehead, and putting his arm around her, leads her to the door.]

HELENE. [In agony, striving to be calm] I—I trust you. To whom can I turn!

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

Scene: The Hotel Parlor.

[Hilda, sister of Helene, hanging dejectedly out of window. Frau von Donniges standing statue-like in the center of room. Two hotel porters making pretence of dusting furniture.]

Enter LASSALLE with HELENE on his arm.

LASSALLE. [To Helene] Courage, my dear, courage! [Bows to Frau von Donniges, who is unconscious of his presence. Lassalle and Helene hesitate and look at each other nervously. Helene clutches Lassalle's arm to keep from falling—they both move slowly around the statuesque Frau. The Frau suddenly perceives them, turns and glares.]

FRAU VON DONNIGES. Away with that man, I will not allow him to remain in this room!

LASSALLE. [Bowing with hand on heart] Surely, Madame you do not know me. Will you not allow me to speak—to explain!

FRAU VON D. Away I say—out of my sight! Begone you craven coward—you thief!

[These are new epithets to Lassalle. He is used to being called a Jew, a fanatic, a dangerous demagogue—something half complimentary. But there is no alloy in "coward," "thief." He looks at Helene as if to receive reassurance that he hears aright.]

HELENE. Come—you see it is as I told you—reason in her is dead. Let us go.

LASSALLE. [Loosening Helene's hold upon his arm and stepping toward the Frau] Madame, you have availed yourself of a woman's privilege, and used language toward me which men never use toward each other unless they court death. I say no more to you, preferring now to speak to your husband.

FRAU VON D. Yes, you speak to my husband—and he will give you what you deserve.

LASSALLE. [Changing his tactics] Your husband is a gentleman, I trust. And you—are the mother of the lady I love, so I will resent nothing you say. You speak only in a passion, and not from your heart. I resent nothing.

FRAU VON D. A man spotted with every vice, says he loves my daughter! Your love is pollution. My ears are closed to you—you may stand and grimace and insult me, but I hear you not. Go!

LASSALLE. Very well, I will go and see Helene's father. Men may dislike each other—they may be enemies, but they do not spit on each other. If they fight, they fight courteously. I will see Helene's father—he will at least hear me.

FRAU VON D. You enter his house, and the servants will throw your vile body into the street.

LASSALLE. I have written him that I will call.

FRAU VON D. Your letter was cast into the garbage unopened.

LASSALLE. [Stung] It may be possible, Madame, for you to wear out my patience.

FRAU VON D. You have already succeeded in wearing out mine.

HELENE. [In agony—wringing her hands] Hopeless, Ferdinand, you see it is hopeless!

LASSALLE. [Aside to Helene] Her outbreak will pass in a moment.

FRAU VON D. You have ruined the reputation of

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my family—stolen my child. You who are known over an empire for your dealings with women!

HELENE. [Joining in the fray, in shrill excitement] False! He did not steal me—I went to him unasked. You who call yourself my mother, how dare you traduce me so, you who bore me. I fled from you to save my life—to escape your tortures, you killed my love. I am Lassalle's, because I love him. He understands me—you do not. When you abuse him, you abuse me. When you trample on him you trample on me. I now choose life with him in preference to perdition with you. I follow him, I am his, I glory in him. Now!

[Helene turns to Lassalle in triumph, believing of course that after she has just avowed herself, they will stand together—he and she.]

LASSALLE. [Calmly] Well spoken Helene, and now tell me, will you make a sacrifice—a temporary sacrifice for me?

HELENE. [Looking straight at him in absolute faith] Yes, command me!

LASSALLE. Go home, with your—mother.

HELENE. Anything but that.

LASSALLE. Yes, that is what I ask.

HELENE. [Writhing in awful pain] You will not ask of me the impossible.

LASSALLE. No, but this you can do. Your going will soften them. We will win them. Go with them. Do this for me, I leave you here.

[Backs away, and goes out bowing low and very calm. Helene sinks into a chair, crushed in spirit, wrenched, mangled.]

HILDA VON D. [Comes forward, and caresses the drooping head of her sister] Bear up, Helene, my sister, we are your friends, our home is yours, no matter what you have done—we forgive it all. Our home is still yours. Bear up—he is gone—now come with us. [Helene merely moans.]

FRAU VON D. [In amazonian flush of success] No more of this foolishness—no more of it, I say! He is gone; I knew he could not withstand my plain-spoken truths. He could not look me in the eye. You heard me, Hilda, he could not answer, he dare not. Come, Helene!

[Shakes her by the shoulder. Commotion is heard outside.]

LANDLORD. [Entering by backing into the room, striving by tongue and hands to calm some one outside] Be calm, kind sir, I am innocent in this matter. The ladies are here—here in the parlor. The man is gone—he never was here. In fact, he left before he came—be calm—I keep a respectable house. The police will raid the place, I fear. Be calm and I will explain all!

HERR VON DONNIGES. [Purple with rage, big, prosperous—brandishing cudgel] The Jew—show me the Jew who seduced my daughter! Show him to me I say! That corrupt scum of society—the man who broke into my house and stole my daughter. [Waves his cane and smites the air] Where is that infidel Jew!

FRAU VON D. Now do not be a fool—I sent the Jew on his way. It was not necessary that you should follow. I can take care of this little matter.

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

HERR VON D. Oh, so you protect her, do you? You side with her? You are a party to her undoing. And has the Jew seduced you, too? Where is he I say? You seem to be deaf. This man who has ruined my home—he is the man I want, not your apologies. The girl is my daughter, I say! [Suddenly sees Helene crouching in a chair, her face between her knees] Oh, so you are here, my pretty miss, you who brought ruin on your father's house.

[Puts one foot against chair and overturns it. Kicks at prostrate form of Helene. Then seizing her by the hair, drags her across the room, striking her face with his open hands. The mother, daughter and landlord try to restrain his fury.]

LANDLORD. You will kill her!

FRAU VON D. She has brought it on herself! But stop, it is enough.

HERR VON D. [Half frightened at his own violence, reaching into his pocket brings out purse and throws it at feet of landlord] Not a word about this!

LANDLORD. Trust me—you will tell of it first!

HERR VON D. Is there a carriage at the door?

LANDLORD. Yes.

HERR VON D. If any one asks, tell them my daughter is insane—a maniac, and a little force was necessary—you understand?

LANDLORD. I understand.

HERR VON D. Here, we must carry her out.

[Tears down curtains from windows and rolls Helene in the curtains.]

LANDLORD. You must pay for those!

HERR VON D. Name the amount.

LANDLORD. Why, they cost me—

HERR VON D. Never mind, Charge them to the Jew. Here, help me carry her—this daughter who has ruined me!

LANDLORD. You act like a man who might do the task of ruining yourself.

[Helene starts to rise. Her father fells her to the floor with the flat of his hand. Seizes her and with the help of the mother and landlord carries her out. Exit, with Hilda following behind, mildly wringing her hands.]

HILDA VON D. Oh, why did she bring this disgrace upon us ?

ACT V.

Scene: Room in house of Herr von Donniges.

[Furnishings are rich and old-fashioned as becomes the house of a collector of revenue. Helene pacing the room talking to maid servant who sits quietly sewing.]

HELENE. It is only a week since I saw Lassalle—only a week. Yet my poor head says it is a year, and my heart says a lifetime. For six days my father kept me locked in that little room in the tower, where not even you were allowed to enter. The butler silently pushed food in at the door and as silently went away. Once each day at exactly noon my father came and solemnly asked, “Do you renounce Lassalle?” and I as solemnly answered, “I will yet be the wife of Lassalle.” But since yesterday when I wrote the letter at their dictation to Lassalle telling him that he was free, and that I was soon to marry Prince Yanko Racowitza, I feel a load lifted from my heart. How queer! Perhaps it is because I am relieved of the pressure of my parents and have been given my freedom!

MAID. Not quite freedom, for see, there is a guard pacing back and forth at the door!

[Guard is seen through the window pacing his beat.]

HELENE. Oh, freedom is only comparative—but now you are with me. I needed some one to whom I could talk. Yet I did not renounce Lassalle until he had failed to rescue me—he did not even answer my letter—

MAID. Possibly he did not receive it!

HELENE. But you bribed the porter!

MAID. True, but some one may have paid him more!

HELENE. Listen, do you still think it possible that Lassalle has not forgotten me?

MAID. Not only possible but probable. A man of his intellect would guess that the letter you wrote was forced from you.

HELENE. A lawyer surely would understand that for things done in terrorem one is not responsible. Now see what I am doing—yesterday I hoped never to again see Lassalle, and now I am planning and praying he will come to me.

MAID. Your heart is with Lassalle.

HELENE. It seems so.

MAID. Then God will bring it about, and you shall be united.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Prince Racowitza!

Enter PRINCE RACOWITZA.

[The prince is small, dark, dapper, unobjectionable. He is much agitated. Helene holds out her hand to him in a friendly, but non-committal, discreet way. Maid starts to go.]

PRINCE. [To Maid] Do not leave the room—I have serious news and your mistress may need your services when I tell you what I have to say!

HELENE. [Relieved by the thought that the prince is about to renounce all claims to one so caught in the web of scandal] You will remain with me, Elizabeth, I may need you, And now Prince Yanko—I am steeled, [tries to smile] give me the worst. [The prince making passes in the air, tierce and thrust with his cane at an imaginary foe] I say dear prince, tell me the worst—

LITTLE
JOURNEYS

I think I can bear it. [Helene is almost amused by the sight of the semi-comic opera bouffe prince] Tell me the worst!

PRINCE. Lassalle has challenged your father!

HELENE. [Blanching] Lassalle has challenged my father?

PRINCE. To the death! [Aiming with his cane at a piece of statuary in the corner] One, two, three—fire!

HELENE. It is not so. Lassalle is opposed to the code on principle!

PRINCE. There are no principles in time of war! Are you ready, gentlemen—One, two, three!

HELENE. [Contemptuously] Why do you not fight him?

PRINCE. Is there no way, gentlemen, by which this unfortunate affair can be arranged? If not—

HELENE. You did not hear me!

PRINCE. Oh, yes, I heard you, and I am to fight him at sunrise. Your father turned the challenge over to me!

HELENE. To you?

PRINCE. And your father has fled to Paris—it is a serious thing to be a party to a duel in Germany—a sure-enough duel!

HELENE. But you are not a swordsman, nor have you ever shot a pistol, you told me so once?

PRINCE. But I have been practicing at the shooting gallery for two hours. The keeper there says I am a wonderful shot—I hit a plaster of Paris rabbit seven times in succession!

[Helene is excited; her thought is that Lassalle, being a sure shot and a brave man, will surely kill the Prince. This will eliminate one factor in the tangle. Lassalle having killed his man, will have to flee—the Government only tolerates him now. And she will flee with him—her father in Paris, the Prince dead, exile for Lassalle—the way lubricated by the gods—good.]

HELENE. [Excitedly] Yes, fight him, kill him!

PRINCE. I will fight him at sunrise—at once after the meeting, I will drive directly here. If I am unhurt, we will fly—you and I—for Paris to meet your father. If I am wounded the carriage will come with the horses walking; if I am dead the horses will be on a run; if I am unharmed the horses will simply trot and—

HELENE. [Who knows that Lassalle will kill the Prince, hysterically] Will trot—good! And now good bye—good bye.

[Kisses him explosively and backs him out of the door.]

[Exit Prince.]

HELENE. [In ecstasy] Lassalle will kill him!

MAID. I am afraid he will.

HELENE. And this will make us free, free!

MAID. It will exile you.

HELENE. And since this home is a prison, exile would be paradise.

ACT VI.

Scene : Same as Act V. Time, one day later.

[Very early in the morning. Helene and maid in traveling costume, small valises and rugs rolled and strapped, on center table.]

HELENE. You gave my letter to Dr. Haenle himself, into his own hands !

MAID. Into his own hands.

HELENE. Then there was no mistake. I told Lassalle I would meet him at the station at seven o'clock—only half an hour yet to spare ! We will catch the Switzerland Express. Lassalle will have to go—this affair means exile for him—but for us to be exiled together will be Heaven. Now this is a pivotal point—we must be calm.

MAID. Surely you are calm.

HELENE. Yet I did not sleep a moment all the night.

MAID. Probably Lassalle did not either.

HELENE. Did you hear a carriage ?

MAID. [Peering out of window] Only a wagon.

HELENE. Listen !

MAID. I hear the sound of horses !

HELENE. Running ?

MAID. They are running !

HELENE. My God, yes they come closer—they are running ! Oh, thank heaven, thank heaven, the Prince is dead—I am both sorry and glad.

MAID. There they are turning this way—there, the carriage stops at the door !

HELENE. Dead—the Prince is dead. Now in the excitement that will follow the carrying in of the body,

we will escape—we can walk to the station in ten minutes—that gives us ten minutes to spare. Here you take the rug and this valise, I will take the other. We will find a street porter at the corner, or a carriage. Do not open the door until I tell you !

[Door bursts open and Prince Yanko half tumbles in.]

PRINCE. I am unharmed—congratulate me—I am unharmed !

[Opens arms to embrace Helene, who backs away.]

HELENE. And Lassalle—Lassalle—where is Lassalle ?

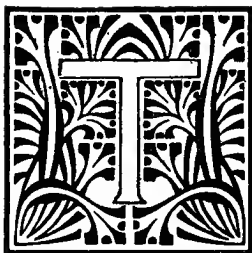
PRINCE. He is dead—I killed him !

HELENE. You killed Lassalle—the greatest man in Europe—you killed him !

PRINCE. He fell at the first fire—congratulate me.

HELENE. You lie—Lassalle is not dead. Away ! Away ! I scorn you—loathe you—away—the sight of you burns my eyeballs—the murderer of Lassalle—away !

[Helene crouches in a corner. Prince stands stiff, amazed. The maid with valise in one hand and rug in shawl strap, looks on with lack-lustre eye, frozen by indecision.]



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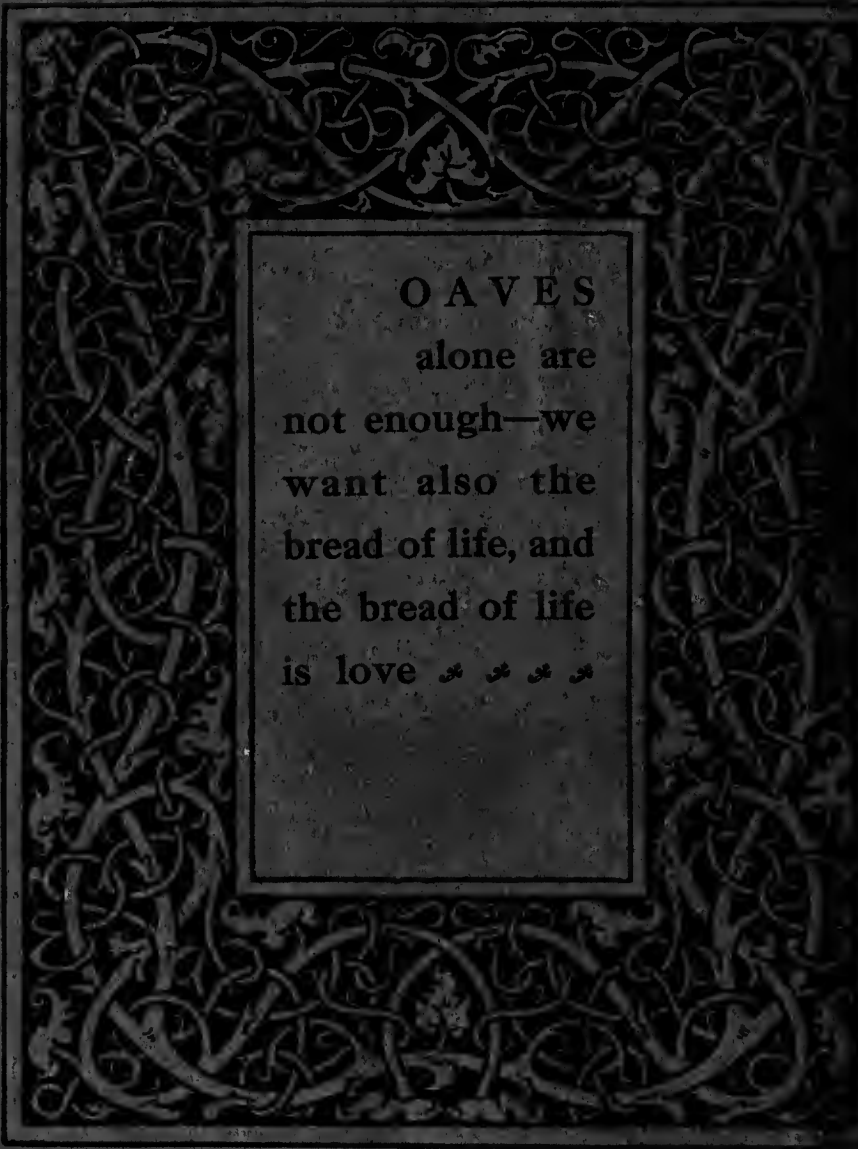
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—SIDNEY WELLS ROACH, in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

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ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor, East Aurora, New York

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Folks who do not know how to take THE
PHILISTINE had better not.—Ali Baba.

¶ Each number of the magazine contains articles on subjects having the attention of the Public. Some of the Preachments are of a political nature, some ethical and sociological, some are humorous. These last are especially important. Many articles from THE PHILISTINE have been reprinted and sold by the hundred thousand. By subscribing you get the articles at first hand—Today is a good time to subscribe.

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T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S
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BOOK One of Great Lovers, being Vol. XVIII. of *Little Journeys*, is now ready. It is a book of 164 pages, printed on Italian hand-made, Roycroft water-marked paper, title-page, thirty-six initials and tail-piece illumined, and seven portraits. Bound in limp green velvet leather, silk lined, inlaid calf title stamped in gold on back and cover, silk marker. The subjects are as follows:

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We think there are classes of people who will find it to be just what they are looking for for a present. The price is \$3.00, or \$1.50 to subscribers of *Little Journeys* returning the corresponding numbers.

T H E R O Y C R O F T E R S
EAST AURORA, IN ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK

HUSBAND DECEIVED

But Thanked His Wife Afterwards

A man ought not to complain if his wife puts up a little job on him, when he finds out later that it was all on account of her love for him. Mighty few men would.

Sometimes a fellow gets so set in his habits that some sort of a ruse must be employed to get him to change, and if the habit, like excessive coffee drinking, is harmful, the end justifies the means—if not too severe. An Ills. woman says:

“My husband used coffee for 25 years, and almost every day.

“He had a sour stomach (dyspepsia) and a terrible pain across his kidneys a good deal of the time. This would often be so severe he could not straighten up. His complexion was a yellowish-brown color; the doctors said he had liver trouble.

“An awful headache would follow if he did not have his coffee at every meal, because he missed the drug.

“I tried to coax him to quit coffee, but he thought he could not do without it. Our little girl 3 years old sat by him at table and used to reach over and drink coffee from papa's cup. She got like her father—her kidneys began to trouble her.

“On account of the baby, I coaxed my husband to get a package of Postum. After the first time he drank it he had a headache and wanted his coffee. We had some coffee in the house, but I hid it and made Postum as strong as I could and he thought he was having his coffee and had no headaches.

“In one week after using Postum his color began to improve, his stomach got right, and the little girl's kidney trouble was soon all gone. My husband works hard, eats hearty and has no stomach or kidney trouble any more. After he had used Postum a month, without knowing it, I brought out the coffee. He told me to throw it away.” Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, “The Road to Wellville,” in pkgs. “There's a reason.”



Lord Nelson



Little Journeys

TO THE HOMES OF

GREAT LOVERS

Lord Nelson and
Lady Hamilton



Written by Elbert Hubbard and done
into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters
at their Shop which is in East Aurora,
Erie Co., New York, A. D. MCMVI

LORD NELSON AND
LADY HAMILTON

THE last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over his little daughter as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with more devout reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there was a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next to his heart.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

LORD NELSON AND LADY HAMILTON



ROBERT SOUTHEY, poet laureate, and conservative churchman wrote the *Life of Nelson*, wrote it on stolen time—sandwiched in between essays and epics. And now behold it is the one effort of Southey that perennially survives, and is religiously read—his one claim to literary immortality.

Murray, the original Barabbas, got together six magazine essays on Lord Nelson, and certain specific memoranda from Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson's sisters, and sent the bundle with a check for one hundred pounds to Southey asking him to write the "Life," and have it ready inside of six weeks, or return the check and papers by bearer.

Southey needed the money—he had his own family to support and also that of Coleridge who was philosophizing in Germany. Southey needed the money! Had the check not been sent in advance Southey would have declined the commission. Southey began the work in distaste, warmed to it, got the right focus on his subject, used the wife of Coleridge as 'prentice talent and making twice as big a book as he had expected, completed it in just six weeks.

Other men might have written lives of Lord Nelson but they did not, and all who write on Lord Nelson now, paraphrase Southey.

And thus are great literary reputations won on a fluke ☞ ☞



ORATIO NELSON, born in 1758, was one of a brood of eight children, left motherless when the lad was nine years of age. His father was a clergyman, passing rich on the proverbial forty pounds a year.

It was the dying wish of the mother that one of the children should be adopted by her brother, Captain Suckling of the navy. This captain was a grand-nephew of Sir John Suckling the poet, and one of the great men of the family—himself acknowledging it.

Captain Suckling promised the stricken woman that her wish should be respected. Three years went by and he made no move. Horatio, then twelve years of age, hearing that "The Reasonable," his uncle's ship, had just anchored in the Medway, wrote the gallant Captain, reminding him of the obligation and suggesting himself as a candidate.

The captain replied to the boy's father that the idea of sending the smallest and sickliest of the family to rough it at sea, was a foolish idea, but if it was the father's wish, why send the youngster along, and in the first action a cannon-ball might take off the boy's head, which would simplify the situation.

This was an acceptance, although ungracious, and our youngster was duly put aboard the stage, penniless, with a big basket of lunch, ticketed for tide-water. There a kind-hearted waterman rowed the boy out to the ship and put him aboard, where he wandered on

the deck for two days, too timid to make himself known, before being discovered, and then came near being put ashore as a stowaway. It seems that the captain had made no mention to any one on the ship that his nevy was expected, and in fact, had probably forgotten the matter himself.

And so Horatio Nelson, slim, slight, slender, fair-haired, hollow-eyed, was made cabin-boy, with orders to wait on table, wash dishes and "tidy up things". And he set such a pace in tidying up the captain's cabin, that that worthy officer once remarked, "Dammittall, he is n't half as bad as he might be."

Finally, Horatio was given the tiller when a boat was sent ashore. He became an expert in steering, and was made coxswain of the captain's launch. He learned the channel in low tide from Chatham to the Tower, making a map of it on his own account. He had a scent for rocks and shoals and knew how to avoid them, for good pilots are born not made.

A motherless boy with a discouraged father is very fortunate. If he ever succeeds, he knows it must be through his own exertions. The truth is pressed home upon him that there is nothing in the universe to help him, but himself—a great lesson to learn.

Young Nelson soon saw that his uncle's patronage, no matter how well intentioned, could not help him beyond making him coxswain to the long boat. And anyway, if he was promoted, he wanted it to be on account of merit and not relationship. So he got himself transferred to another boat that was about to sail

LITTLE JOURNEYS

for the West Indies, and took the rough service that falls to the lot of a jack-tar. His quickness in obeying orders, his alertness and ability to climb, his scorn of danger, going to the tip of the yard-arm to adjust a tangled rope in a storm, or fastening the pennant to the top of the mainmast in less time than anybody else on board ship could perform the task, made him a marked man. He did the difficult thing, the unpleasant task with an amount of good cheer that placed him in a class by himself. He had no competition. Success was in his blood—his silent, sober ways, intent only on doing his duty made his services sought after when a captain was fitting out a dangerous undertaking.

Nelson made a trip to the Arctic, and came back second mate at nineteen. He went to the Barbadoes and returned lieutenant.

He was a lieutenant-colonel at twenty, and at twenty-one was given charge of a ship-yard.

Shortly after he was made master of a school-ship, his business being to give boys their first lessons in seamanship. His methods here differed much from those then in vogue.

When a new boy, agitated and nervous, was ordered to climb, Nelson, noticing the lad's fear would say, "Now, lads, I am with you and it is a race to the crow's nest." And with a whoop he would make the start, allowing the nervous boy to outstrip him. Then once at the top, he would shout, "Now is n't this glorious—why there is no danger, excepting when you think danger. A monkey up a tree is safer than a

monkey on the ground ; and a sailor on the yard is happier than a sailor on the deck—hurrah !” ¶ Admiral Hood said that if Nelson had wished it, he would have become the greatest teacher of boys that England ever saw ☞ ☞

At twenty-three Nelson was made a captain and placed in charge of the “ Albemarle.” He was sent to the North Sea to spend the winter along the coast of Denmark ☞ ☞

A local prince of Denmark has described a business errand made aboard the “ Albemarle.” Says the Dane, “ On asking for the captain of the ship I was shown a boy in a captain’s uniform, the youngest man to look upon I ever saw holding a like position. His face was gaunt and yellow, his chest flat and his legs absurdly thin ☞ But on talking with him I saw he was a man born to command, and when he showed me the ship and pointed out the cannon, saying, ‘ These are for use if necessity demands,’ there was a gleam in his blue eyes that backed his words.”

Before he was twenty-six Nelson had fought pirates, savages, Spaniards, French, and even crossed the ocean to reason with Americans, having been sent to New York on a delicate diplomatic errand.

On this trip he spent some weeks at Quebec where he met a lady fair who engrossed his attention and time to such a degree that his officers feared for his sanity. This was his first love affair, and he took it seriously.

¶ It was time for the “ Albemarle ” to sail, when its little captain was seen making his way rapidly up the

LITTLE JOURNEYS

hill. He was given stern chase by the second officer and on being overhauled explained that he was going back to lay his heart and fortune at the feet of the lady. The friend explained that it being but seven o'clock in the morning the charmer probably could not be seen, and so the captain in his spangles and lace was gotten on board ship, the anchor hoisted. Once at sea, salt water and distance seemed to effect a cure.

¶ In Nelson's character was a peculiar trace of trust and innocence. Send your boys to sea and the sailors will educate them, is a safe maxim. But Nelson was an exception, for even in his boyhood he had held little converse with his mates, and in the frolics on shore took no part. Physically he was too weak to meet them on a level, and so he pitted his brain against their brawn. He studied and grubbed at his books while they gambled, caroused and "saw the town."

¶ When he was in command of the school-ship, the second officer once taunted him about his insignificant size. His answer was, "Sir, the pistol makes all men of equal size—to your place! And consider yourself fined ten days' pay."

In buying supplies Nelson refused to sign vouchers unless the precise goods were delivered and the price was right. On being told that this was very foolish, and that a captain was entitled to a quiet commission on all purchases, he began an investigation on his own account and found that it was the rule that naval and army supplies cost the government on an average twenty-five per cent more than they were worth, and

that the names of laborers once placed on a pay roll remained there for eternity. In his zeal the young captain made up a definite statement and brought charges, showing where the government was being robbed of vast sums. On reaching London he was called before the Board of Admiralty and duly cautioned to mind his own affairs.

His third act of indiscretion was his marriage in the Island of Nevis to Mrs. Frances Woolward Nesbit, a widow with one child. Widows often fall easy prey to predacious sailormen and sometimes sailormen fall easy prey to widows. The widow was "unobjectionable", to use the words of Southey, and versed in all the polite dissipation of a prosperous slave-mart capital. Nelson looked upon all English-speaking women as angels of light and models of insight, sympathy and self-sacrifice. Time disillusioned him; and he settled down into the firm belief that a woman was only a child—whimsical, selfish, idle, intent on gauds, jewels and chucks under the chin from specimens of the genus homo—any man—but to be tolerated and gently looked after for the good of the race.

He took his wife to England and left her at his father's parsonage and sailed away for the Mediterranean to fight his country's battles.

Among other errands he had despatches to deliver to Sir William Hamilton, British Envoy at the Court of Naples. Sir William had never met Nelson, but he was so impressed at his first meeting with the little man, that he told his wife after that if she had no objection

he was going to invite Captain Nelson to their home. Lady Hamilton had no objection, although a sea captain was hardly in their class. "But" argued Sir William, "this captain is different; on talking to him and noting his sober, silent, earnest way I concluded that the world would yet ring with the name of Nelson. He fights his enemy by laying his ship alongside and grappling him to the death."

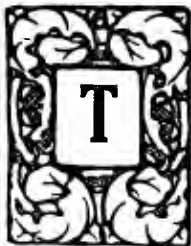
So a room was set apart in the Hamilton household for Captain Nelson. The next day the captain wrote home to his wife that Lady Hamilton was young, amiable, witty and took an active part in the diplomatic business of the court. Nelson at this time was thirty-five years old; Lady Hamilton was three years younger ♪ ♪

Nelson only remained a few days in Naples, but long enough to impress himself upon the King and all the court as a man of extraordinary quality.

Sorrow and disappointment had made him a fatalist—he looked the part. Admiral Hood at this time said, "Nelson is the only absolutely invincible fighter in the navy. I only fear his recklessness, because he never counts the cost."

It was to be five years before he would meet the Hamiltons again.





HE man who writes the life of Lady Hamilton and tells the simple facts, places his reputation for truth in jeopardy. Emma Lyon was the daughter of a day-laborer. In her babyhood her home was at Hawarden, "The lustre of fame of which town is equally divided between a man and a woman" once said

Disraeli, with a solemn, sidelong glance at William Ewart Gladstone. **A**t Hawarden, Lyon the obscure, known to us but for one thing, died, and if his body was buried in the Hawarden churchyard, destiny failed to mark the spot. The widow worked at menial tasks in the homes of the local gentry, and the child was fed with scraps that fell from the rich man's table—a condition that grew into a habit.

When Emma was thirteen years old, she had learned to read and could "print"—that is, she could write a letter, a feat her mother never learned to do. At this time the girl waited on table and acted as nurse-maid in the family of Sir Thomas Hawarden. Doubtless she learned by listening, and absorbed knowledge because she had the capacity. When Sir Thomas moved up to London, which is down from Hawarden, the sprightly little girl was taken along. Her dresses were a little above her shoe tops, but she lowered the skirt on her own account, very shortly.

Country girls of immature age, comely to look upon, would better keep close at home. The city devours such, and infamy and death for them, lie in wait. But

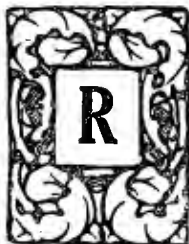
**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

here was an exception—Emma Lyon was a child of the hedgerows, and her innocence was only in her appearance. She must have been at that time like the child of the gypsy beggar told of by Smollett, that was purchased for two pounds by an admiring gent, who made a bet with his friends that he could replace her rags with silks and fine linen, and in six weeks introduce her at court, as to the manor born, a credit to her sex. All worked well for a time, when one day, alas, under great provocation, the girl sloughed her ladylike manners, and took on the glossary of the road and camp. ¶ Emma Lyon at fifteen, having graduated as a scullion, went to work for a shopkeeper, as a servant and general helper. It was soon found that as a saleswoman she was worth much more than as a cook. A caller asked her where she was educated and she explained that it was at the expense of the Earl of Halifax, and that she was his ward. ¶ The Earl fortunately was dead and could not deny the report. Sir Harry Featherston, hearing about the titled girl, or at least of the girl mentioned with titled people, rescued her from the shopkeeper and sent her to his country seat, that she might have the advantages of the best society. ¶ Her beauty and quiet good sense seemed to back up the legend that she was the natural child of the Earl of Halifax, and as the subject seemed to be a painful one to the child herself, it was only discussed in whispers. The girl learned to ride horseback remarkably well, and at a fete appeared as Joan of Arc, armed cap-a-pie, riding a snow-white stallion. ¶ Romney, the portrait

painter, spending a week end with Sir Henry was struck with the picturesque beauty of the child and painted her as Diana. Romney was impressed with the plastic beauty of the girl, her downcast eyes, her silent ways, her responsive manner, and he begged Sir Harry to allow her to go up to London and sit for another picture. Now Sir Harry was a married man, senior warden of his church, and as the girl was bringing him a trifle more fame than he deserved, he consented. Romney writing to a friend, under date of June 19, 1781, says :

At present, and the greater part of the summer, I shall be engaged in painting pictures from the Divine Lady. I cannot give her any other name, for I think her superior to all womankind. I have two pictures to paint of her for the Prince of Wales. She says she must see you before she leaves England, which will be in the beginning of September. She asked me if you would not write my life. I told her you had begun it; then, she said, she hoped you would have much to say of her in the life, as she prided herself upon being my model.

I dedicate my time to this charming lady; there is a prospect of her leaving town with Sir William, for two or three weeks. They are very much hurried at present, as everything is going on for their speedy marriage, and all the world following her, and talking of her, so that if she has not more good sense than vanity, her brain must be turned. The pictures I have begun are Joan of Arc, a Magdalen, and a Bacchante for the Prince of Wales; and another I am to begin as a companion to the Bacchante. I am also to paint a picture of her as Constance for the Shakespeare Gallery.



ROMNEY painted twenty-three pictures of Emma Lyon, that are now in existence. England at that time was experiencing a tidal wave of genius, and Romney and his beautiful model rode in on the crest of the wave, with Sir Joshua, the Herschels, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Edmund Burke, Doctor Johnson, Goldsmith, Horace Walpole and various others of equal note caught in amber, all of them, by the busy Boswell.

Beside those who did things worth while, there were others who buzzed, dallied, and simply seemed and thought they lived. Among this class, who were famous for doing nothing, was Beau Nash, the pride of the pump room. Next in note, but more moderately colored was Sir Charles Greville, man of polite education, a typical courtier, with a leaning toward music and the arts, which gave his character a flavor of culture that the others did not possess.

The fair Emma was giving the Romney studio a trifle more fame than the domestic peace of the portrait painter demanded, and when Sir Charles Greville, sitting for his portrait, became acquainted with the beautiful model, Romney saw his opportunity to escape the inevitable crash. So Sir Charles, the man of culture, the patron of the picturesque, the devotee of beauty, undertook the further education of Emma as an ethnological experiment.

He employed a competent teacher to give her lessons

in voice culture, to the end that she should neither screech nor purr. Sir Charles himself read to her from the poets and she committed to memory "Pope's Essay on Man," and a whole speech by Robert Walpole, which she recited at a banquet at Strawberry Hill, to the immense surprise, not to mention delight, of Horace Walpole.

Sir Charles also hired a costumer by the month to study the physiological landscape and prepare raiment of extremely rich, but somber hues, so that the divine lady would outclass in both modesty and aplomb the fairest daughters of Albion. About this time, Emma became known as "Lady Harte," it being discovered that Burke's Peerage contained information that the Hartes were kinsmen of the Earl of Halifax, and also that the Hartes had moved to America.

The testimony of contemporary expert porchers seems to show that Sir Charles Greville spent upwards of five thousand pounds a year upon the education of his ward. This was continued for several years, when a reversal in the income of Sir Charles made retrenchment desirable, if not absolutely necessary. And as good fortune would have it, about this time Sir William Hamilton, British Envoy to the Neapolitan Court was home on a little visit.

He was introduced to Lady Harte by his nephew, Sir Charles Greville, and at once perceived and appreciated the wonderful natural as well as acquired gifts of the lady. ♪ ♪ ♪

Lady Harte was interviewed as to her possibly be-

coming Lady Hamilton, all as duly provided by the laws of Great Britain and the Church of England; and it being ascertained that Lady Harte was willing, and also that she was not a sister of the deceased Lady Hamilton, Sir William and Emma were duly married. ¶ At Naples, Lady Hamilton at once became very popular. She had a splendid presence, was a ready talker, knew the subtle art of listening, took a sympathetic interest in her husband's work and when necessary could entertain their friends by a song, recitation or a speech.

Her relationship with Sir William was beyond reproach—she was by his side wherever he went, and her early education in the practical work-a-day affairs of the world served her in good stead.

Southey feels called upon to criticise Lady Hamilton, but he also offers as apology for the errors of her early life, the fact of her vagabond childhood, and says her immorality was more unmoral than vicious, and that her loyalty to Sir William was beautiful and beyond cavil. ❖ ❖ ❖

Sir William Hamilton represented the British nation at Naples for thirty-six years. He was a diplomat of the old school—gracious, refined, dignified, with a bias for art. Among other good things done for his country was the collecting of a vast treasure of bronzes gotten from Pompeii and Herculaneum. This collection was sold by Sir William, through the agency of his wife, to the British nation for the sum of seven thousand pounds. There was a great scandal about the purchase

at the time, and the transaction was pointed out to prove the absolutely selfish and grasping qualities of Lady Hamilton, the costly and curious vases being referred to in the House of Commons as "junk."

Time, however, has given a proper focus to the matter and this collection of beautiful things made by people dead these two thousand years, is now known to be absolutely priceless, almost as much so as the Elgin Marbles, taken from the Parthenon at Athens and which now repose in the British Museum, the chief attraction of the place.

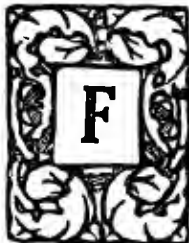
There were many visitors of note being constantly entertained at the Embassy at Naples. Among others was the Bishop of Derry, the man who enjoyed the distinction of being both a bishop and an infidel. When he made oath in courts of alleged justice he always crossed his fingers, put his tongue in his cheek and winked at the notary. The infidelic prelate has added his testimony to the excellence of the character of Lady Hamilton, and once swore on the book in which he did not believe, that if Sir William should die he would wed his widow. To which the lady replied, "Provided, of course, the widow was willing!" And the temperature suddenly dropping below thirty-two Fahrenheit, the bishop moved on.

And along about this time the "Agamemnon" sailed into the beautiful bay of Naples, and Captain Nelson made an official call upon the envoy. It was at dinner that night that Sir William remarked to Lady Emma, "My dear, that captain of the "Agamemnon" is a most

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remarkable man, and if you are agreeable, I believe I will invite him here to our home."

And the lady, generous, kind, gentle, never opposing her husband, answered, "Why certainly, invite him here—a little rest from the sea he will enjoy—I will endeavor to make him feel at home!"



FROM 1793 to 1798, Nelson made history and made it rapidly. For three years of this time he was in constant pursuit of the enemy, with no respite from danger night or day. When a ship mutinied, Nelson was placed in charge of it if he was within call, and the result was that he always won the absolute love and devotion of his men. He had a dignity which forbade his making himself cheap, but yet he got close to living hearts. "The enemy are there," he once said to a sullen crew, "and I depend upon you to follow me over the side when we annihilate the distance that separates our ships. You shall accept no danger that I do not accept—no hardship shall be yours, that shall not be mine. I need no promises from you that you will do your duty—I know you will. You believe in me and I in you—we are Englishmen fighting our country's battles, and so to your work, my men, to your work."

¶ The mutinous spirit melted away, for the men knew that if Nelson fought with them it would be for the

privilege of getting at the enemy first. No officer ever carried out sterner discipline, and none was more implicitly obeyed. But the obedience came through love more than through fear.

Nelson lost an eye in battle, in 1795. A few months after, in an engagement, the admiral signaled, "stop firing." Nelson's attention was called to the signal, and his reply was, "I am short one eye, and the other isn't much good, and I accept no signals I cannot see—lay alongside of that ship and sink her."

Nelson was advanced step by step and became admiral of the fleet. At the battle of Santa Cruz, Nelson led a night attack on the town in small boats. The night was dark and stormy, and the force expected to get in under the forts without being discovered. The alarm was given, however, and the forts opened up a terrific fire. Nelson was standing in the prow of a small boat, and fell back, his arm shattered at the elbow. He insisted on going forward and taking command, even though his sword arm was useless. Loss of blood, however, soon made him desist, and he was transferred to another boat loaded with wounded and sent back.

The sailors rowed rapidly to the nearest anchored ship, her lights out, four miles from shore. On pulling up under the lee of the ship, Nelson saw that it was the corvette "Seahorse," and he ordered the men to row to the "Agamemnon," a mile away, saying, "Captain Freemantle's wife is aboard of that ship and we are in no condition to call on ladies." Arriving at the "Agamemnon," the surgeons were already busy with

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the wounded. Seeing their commander, the surgeons rushed to his assistance. He ordered them back, declaring he would take his place and await his turn in the line, and this he did. When it came his turn the surgeons saw that it was a comminuted fracture of the elbow with the whole right hand reduced to a pulp, and that amputation was the only thing. There were no anæsthetics, and at daylight, on the deck where there was air and light, Nelson watched the surgeons sever the worthless arm. As they bandaged the stump, he dictated a report of the battle to his secretary, but after ten minutes writing, the poor secretary fell limp in a faint, and Nelson ordered one of the surgeons to complete taking the dictation. This official report contained no mention of the calamity that had befallen the commander, he regarding the loss of an arm as merely an incident.

In six months' time he had met and defeated all of the ships of Napoleon that could be located. When he returned to England an ovation met him such as never before had been given to a sailorman. He was "Sir Horatio," although he complained that, "They began to call me Lord Nelson, even before I had gotten used to having my ears tickled by the sound of Sir."

He was made Knight of the Bath, given a pension of a thousand pounds a year, and so many medals pinned upon his breast "that he walked with a limp," a local writer said. The limp, however, was from undiscovered lead, and this with one eye, one arm and naturally a slender and gaunt figure, gave him a peculiarly pathetic

appearance. ¶ The actions of his wife at this time in pressing herself on society and in her strenuous endeavors to make of him a public show, were the unhappy culmination of a series of marital misunderstandings which led him to part with her, placing his entire pension at her disposal.

Trouble in the East soon demanded a firm hand, and Nelson sailed away to meet the emergency. This time he was in pursuit of a concentrated fleet, with Napoleon on board. It was the hope and expectation of Nelson to capture Napoleon, and if he had, no one person would have been as fortunate as the Little Corporal himself. It would have saved him the disgrace of failure, a soldier of fortune seized by accident after a series of successes that dazzled the world, and then captured at sea by a fighter on the water as great as he himself was on land. But alas! Napoleon was to escape, which he did by a flight where wind and tide seemed to answer his prayer.

But Nelson crushed his navy. The story of the battle has been told in chapters that form a book, so no attempt to repeat the account need here be made. Let it suffice, that sixteen English ships grappled to the death for three days with twenty-one French ships, with the result that the entire French fleet, save four ships were sunk, burned or captured. "It was not a victory," said Nelson, "it was a conquest." The French commodore, Casabianca, was killed on board of his ship "Orient," and his son, a lad of ten, stood on the burning deck 'till all but him had fled, and supplied the

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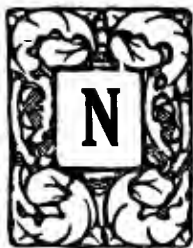
subject for a poem that thrilled our boyish hearts and causes us a sigh, even yet.

The four ships that escaped probably would never have gotten away had Nelson not been wounded by flying splinters that tore open his scalp. The torn skin hung down over his one good eye, blinding him absolutely, and the blood flowed over his face in jets, making him unrecognizable. He was carried to the surgeons' table; there was a hurried, anxious moment, and a shout of joy went up that could have been heard a mile, when it was found that he had only suffered a flesh wound. The flap was sewed back in place, his head bandaged, and in half an hour he was on deck looking anxiously for fleeing Frenchmen.

When the news of the victory reached England, Nelson was made a baron and his pension increased to two thousand pounds a year for life. England loved him, France feared him, and Italy, Egypt and Turkey celebrated him as their savior. The elder Pitt said in the House of Commons, "The name of Nelson will be known as long as government exists and history is read" 🍀 🍀 🍀

And Nelson, the battle won, himself wounded, exhausted through months of intense nervous strain, his frail body maimed and covered with scars, again sailed into the Bay of Naples.





ELSON had saved Naples from falling a prey to the French, and the city now rang with the shouts of welcome and gratitude ☸ ☸

The Hamiltons went out in a small boat and boarded the "Vanguard". Nelson came forward to greet them as they climbed over the side. The great fighter was leaning heavily upon a sailor who half supported him. It is probably true, as stated by her enemies, that at sight of the Admiral, Lady Hamilton burst into tears, and taking him in her arms kissed him tenderly.

Nelson was taken to the home of the embassy. The battle won, the strain upon his frail physique had its way; his brain reeled with fever; the echoes of the guns still thundered in his ears; and in his half delirium his tongue gave orders and anxiously asked after the welfare of the fleet. He was put to bed and Lady Hamilton cared for him as she might have cared for a sick child. She allowed no hired servant to enter his room, and for several weeks she and Sir William were his only attendants. Gradually health returned, and Nelson had an opportunity to partially repay his friends by helping them to quell a riot that threatened the safety of the city.

The months passed and the only peace and calm that had been Nelson's in his entire life was now his.

¶ Nelson was forty years of age; Lady Hamilton was thirty-seven; Sir William was seventy-one. The inev-

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itable happened—the most natural and the most beautiful thing in the world. Love came into the life of Nelson—the first, last and only love of his life. And he loved with all the abandon and oneness of his nature ☪ ☪

Sir William was aware of the bond that had grown up between his beautiful wife and Lord Nelson, and he respected it, and gave it his blessing, realizing that he himself belonged to another generation and had but a few years to live at best, and in this he fastened to himself with hoops of steel their affection for him.

¶ In the year of 1800, when the Hamiltons started for England, Nelson accompanied them in their tour across the continent, and great honors were everywhere paid him ☪ Arriving in London he made his home with them. There was no time for idleness, for the Home Office demanded his services daily for consultation and advice, for the Corsican was still at large—very much at large.

In two years Sir William died—passed peacefully away, attended and ministered to by Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

Two years more were to pass, and the services of a sea-fighter of the Nelson calibre were required. Napoleon had gotten together another navy and having combined with Spain they had a fleet that out-classed that of England.

Only one man in England could fight this superior foe on the water with an assurance of success. Nelson fought ships as an expert plays chess. He had reduced

the game to a science; if the enemy made this move, he made that. He knew how to lure a hostile fleet and have it pursue him to the ground he had selected, and then he knew how to cut it in half and whip it piecemeal. His fighting was consummate generalship, combined with a seeming recklessness that gave a courage to the troops which made them invincible.

English society forgives anything but honesty and truth, and the name of Nelson had been spit upon because of his love for Lady Hamilton. But now danger was at the door and England wanted a man.

¶ Nelson hesitated, but Lady Hamilton said, "Go—yes, go this once—your country calls and only you can do this task. The work done, come home to me, and the rest shall be yours that you so richly deserve. Go and my love shall follow you!"

That night Nelson started for Portsmouth, and in four days was on the coast of Spain.

The battle of Trafalgar was fought October 21st, 1805.

¶ At daylight Nelson hoisted the signal—"England expects every man to do his duty," gave the order to close in and the game of death began. Each side had made a move. Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following codicil to his will:

October 21st, 1805.—In sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distance about ten miles.

Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or country.

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First : That she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England : from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if the opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton : the opportunity might have been offered ☞ ☞

Secondly : The British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused a letter to be written to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply ; went to Egypt and destroyed the French fleet. ☞ Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country ; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma, Lady Hamilton, therefore, a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life ☞ ☞

I also leave to the beneficence of my country my daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson ; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear !

NELSON

Witness } Henry Blackwood
 } T. M. Hardy

Nelson ordered the "Temeraire," "the fighting "Temeraire,"—the ship of which, Ruskin was to write the

finest piece of prose-poetry ever penned—to lead the charge, then saw to it that the order could no be carried out for the “Victory” led.

By noon Nelson had gotten several men into the king-row. Three of the enemy’s ships had struck, two were on fire, and four were making a desperate endeavor to escape the fate that Nelson had prepared for them. ¶ At one o’clock—Nelson’s own ship, the “Victory” had grappled with the “Redoubtable” & was chained fast to her. Nelson’s men had shot the hull of the “Redoubtable” full of holes and once had set fire to her. Then thinking the “Redoubtable” had struck, since her gunners had ceased their work, Nelson had ordered his own men to cease firing and extinguish the flames on the craft of the enemy.

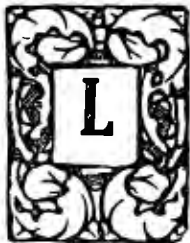
Just at this time a musket-ball, fired from the yards of the “Redoubtable,” struck Nelson on the shoulder and passed down through the vertebrae. He fell upon the deck, exclaiming to Captain Hardy who was near, “They have done for me now, Hardy, my back is broken.”

¶ He was carried below, but the gush of blood into the lungs told the tale—Nelson was dying. He sent for Hardy, but before the captain could be found the hurrahing on the deck told that the “Redoubtable” had surrendered. A gleam of joy came into the one blue eye of the dying man and he said, “I would like to live one hour just to know that my plans were right—we must capture or destroy twenty of them.”

¶ Hardy came & held the hand of his friend. “Kiss me Hardy—I am dying—tell Lady Hamilton that my last

words were of her—good bye!” and he covered his face and the stars on his breast with a handkerchief, so that his men might not recognize the dead form of their chief as they hurried by at their work.

Nelson was dead—but Trafalgar was won.



LADY HAMILTON was unfortunate in having her history written only by her enemies—written with goose-quills. **Q** Taine says, “the so-called best society in England is notoriously corrupt and frigidly religious. It places a penalty on honesty; a premium on hypocrisy, and having no virtues of its own, it cries shrilly about virtue—as if there were but one, and that negative.”

Nelson in his innocence did not know English society, otherwise he would not have commended Lady Hamilton to the gratitude of the English. It was a little like commending her to a pack of wolves. The sum of ten thousand pounds was voted to each of Nelson’s sisters, but not a penny to Lady Hamilton, “my wife before the eyes of God,” as he himself expressed it.

Fortunately an annuity of four hundred pounds had been arranged for Horatia the daughter of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and this comparatively small sum saved Lady Hamilton and her child from absolute want. As it was, Lady Hamilton was arrested on a charge

of debt and imprisoned, and practically driven out of England, although the sisters of Lord Nelson believed in her, and respected her to the last. Lady Hamilton died in France in 1813. Her daughter, Horatia Nelson, became a strong, excellent and beautiful woman, passing away in 1881. She married the Reverend Philip Ward of Teventer, Kent, and raised a family of nine children. One of her sons moved to America and made his mark upon the stage, and also in letters. The American branch spell the name "Warde." In England several of the grandchildren of Lord Nelson have made the name of "Ward" illustrious in art and literature.

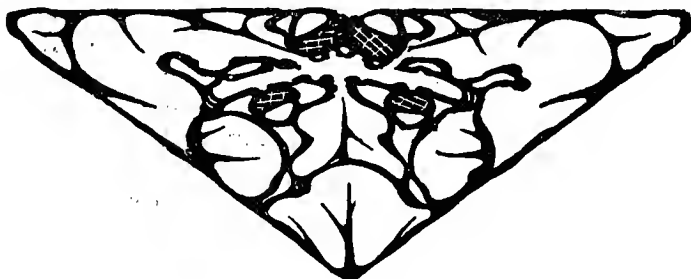
¶ Mrs. Ward wrote a life of her mother, but a publisher was never found for the book, and the manuscript was lost or destroyed. Some extracts from it, however, were published in the London "Athenæum" in 1877, and the picture of Lady Hamilton there presented was that of a woman of great natural endowments; a welling heart of love; great motherly qualities; high intellect and aspiration, caught in the web of unkind condition in her youth, but growing out of this and developing a character which made her the rightful mate of Nelson, the invincible, Nelson, the incorruptible, against whose loyalty and honesty not even his enemies ever said a word, save that he fell a victim to his love, his love for one woman.

Loveless, unloved and unlovable Tammas the Titan, from Ecclefechan, writing in spleen, says: "Nelson's unhappy affair with a saucy jade of a wench, has supplied the world more gabble than all of his victories."

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And possibly the affair in question was quite as important for good as the battles won. The world might do without war, but I make the hazard it could not long survive if men and women ceased to love and mate. However, I may be wrong.

People whose souls are made of dawnstuff and starshine may make mistakes, but God will not judge them by these alone. But for the love of Lady Hamilton, Nelson would probably never have lived to fight Trafalgar—one of the pivotal battles of the world. Nelson saved England from the fell clutch of the Corsican—and Lady Hamilton saved Nelson from insanity and death. ♪ ♪ Nelson knew how to do three great things—how to fight, how to love, and how to die.





Lady Hamilton

A Social and Industrial Experiment

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Reprinted through the courtesy of "The Cosmopolitan."



THE editor of "The Cosmopolitan Magazine" has asked me to write an article for publication about myself and the work in which I am engaged.

I think I am honest enough to sink self, to stand outside my own personality, and answer the proposition. Let me begin by telling what I am not, and thus reach the vital issue by elimination ❀ ❀

First. I am not popular in "Society," and those who champion my cause in my own town are plain, unpretentious people.

Second. I am not a popular writer, since my name has never been mentioned in the "Atlantic," "Scribner's," "Harper's," "The Century" or the "Ladies' Home Journal." But as a matter of truth, it may not be amiss for me to say that I have waited long hours in the entry way of each of the magazines just named, in days' gone, and then been handed the frappe.

Third. I am not rich, as the world counts wealth.

Fourth. As an orator I am without the graces, and do scant justice to a double-breasted Prince Albert.

Fifth. The Roycroft Shop, to the welfare of which my life is dedicated, is not so large as to be conspicuous on account of size.

Sixth. Personally, I am no ten-thousand-dollar beauty: the glass of fashion and the mold of form are far from mine.

Then what have I done concerning which the public wishes to know? Simply this:

In one obscure country village I have had something to do with stopping the mad desire on the part of the young people to get out of the country and flock to the cities. In this town and vicinity the tide has been turned from city to country. We have made one country village an attractive place for growing youth by supplying congenial employment, opportunity for education and healthful recreation, and an outlook into the world of art and beauty.

All boys and girls want to make things with their hands, and they want to make beautiful things, they want to "get along," and I've simply given them a chance to get along here, instead of seeking their fortunes in Buffalo, New York or Chicago. They have helped me and I have helped them; and through this mutual help we have made head, gained ground upon the whole.

By myself I could have done nothing, and if I have succeeded, it is simply because I have had the aid and co-operation of cheerful,

willing, loyal and loving helpers. Even now as I am writing this in my cabin in the woods, four miles from the village, they are down there at the Shop, quietly, patiently, cheerfully doing my work—which work is also theirs. No man liveth unto himself alone: our interests are all bound up together, and there is no such thing as a man going off by himself and corralling the good.

When I came to this town there was not a house in the place that had a lavatory with hot and cold water attachments. Those who bathed, swam in the creek in the summer or used the family wash-tub in the kitchen in winter. My good old partner, Ali Baha, has always prided himself on his personal cleanliness. He is arrayed in rags, but underneath, his hide is clean, and better still, his heart is right. Yet, when he first became a member of my household he was obliged to take his Saturday-night tub out in the orchard, from spring until autumn came with withered leaves. He used to make quite an ado in the kitchen, heating the water in the wash-boiler. Six pails of cistern water, a gourd of soft soap and a gunny-sack for friction were required in the operation. Of course the Baba waited until after dark before performing his ablutions. But finally his plans were more or less disturbed by certain rising youth, who timed his habits and awaited his disrobing with o'er-ripe tomatoes. The bombardment, and the inability to pursue the enemy turned the genial current of the Baba's life awry until I put a bathroom in my house, with a lock on the door. This bit of history I have mentioned for the dual purpose of shedding light on former hathing facilities in East Aurora, and more especially to show that once we had the hoodlum with us.

Hoodlumism is born of idleness; it is useful energy gone to seed. In small towns hoodlumism is rife, and the hoodlums are usually the children of the best citizens. Hoodlumism is the first step in the direction of crime. The hoodlum is very often a good boy who does not know what to do; and so he does the wrong thing. He bombards with tomatoes a good man taking a bath, puts tick-tacks on windows, ties a tin can to the dog's tail, takes the burrs off your carriage-wheels, steals your chickens, annexes your horse-blankets and scares old ladies into fits by appearing at windows wrapped in a white sheet. To wear a mask, walk in and demand the money in the family ginger-jar is the next and natural evolution.

To a great degree the Roycroft Shop has done away with hoodlumism in this village, and a stranger wearing a silk hat, or an artist with a white umbrella, is now quite safe upon our streets. Very naturally the Oldest Inhabitant will deny what I have said about East Aurora—he will tell you that the order, cleanliness and beauty of the place have always existed. The change has come about so naturally, and so

entirely without his assistance, that he knows nothing about it. Truth when first presented is always denied, but later there comes a stage when the man says, "I always believed it." And so the good old citizens are induced to say that these things have always been, or else they gently pooh-pooh them. However, the truth remains that I introduced the first heating-furnace into the town; bought the first lawn-mower; was among the first to use electricity for lights and natural gas for fuel; and, so far, am the only one in town to use natural gas for power.

Until the starting of the Roycroft Shop there were no industries here, aside from the regulation country store, grocery, tavern, blacksmith-shop and sawmill—none of which enterprises attempted to supply more than local wants. There was Hamlin's stock-farm, devoted to raising trotting-horses, that gave employment to some of the boys; but for the girls there was nothing. They got married at the first chance; some became "hired girls," or if they had ambitions, fixed their hearts on the Buffalo Normal School, raised turkeys, picked berries, and turned every honest penny towards the desire to get an education so as to become teachers. Comparatively, this class was small in number. Most of the others simply followed that undefined desire to get away out of the dull, monotonous, gossiping village; and so, craving excitement, they went away to the cities and the cities swallowed them. A wise man has said that God made the country, man the city, and the devil the small towns. ¶ The country supplies the cities its best and worst. We hear of the few who succeed, but of the many who are lost in the maelstrom we know nothing. Sometimes in country homes it is even forbidden to mention certain names. "She went to the city"—you are told, and there the history abruptly stops. ¶ And so, to swing back to the place of beginning, I think the chief reason many good folks are interested in the Roycroft Shop is because here country boys and girls are given work at which they can not only earn their living, but get an education while doing it. Next to this is the natural curiosity to know how a large and successful business can be built up in a plain, humdrum village by simply using the talent and materials that are at hand, and so I am going to tell now how the Roycroft Shop came to start; a little about what it has done; what it is trying to do; and what it hopes to become. And since modesty is only egotism turned wrong-side out, I will make no special endeavor to conceal the fact that I have had something to do with the venture. ¶ From about 1650 to 1690 in London, Samuel and Thomas Roycroft printed and made very beautiful books. In choosing the name "Roycroft" for our shop we had these men in mind, but beyond this the word has a special significance, meaning King's Craft—King's crafts-

men being a term used in the Guilds of the olden times for men who had achieved a high degree of skill—men who made things for the King. So a Roycrofter is a person who makes beautiful things, and makes them as well as he can.

"The Roycrofters" is the legal name of our institution. It is a corporation, and the shares are distributed among the workers. No shares are held by anyone but Roycrofters, and it is agreed that any worker who quits the Shop, shall sell his shares back to the concern. This co-operative plan, it has been found, begets a high degree of personal diligence, a loyalty to the institution, a sentiment of fraternity and a feeling of permanency among the workers that is very beneficial to all concerned. Each worker, even the most humble, calls it "Our Shop," and feels that he is an integral and necessary part of the Whole. Possibly there are a few who consider themselves more than necessary. Ali Baba, for instance, it is said, has referred to himself, at times, as the Whole Thing. And this is all right, too—I would never chide an excess of zeal: the pride of a worker in his worth and work is a thing to foster. It's the man who "does n't give a damn" who is really troublesome. The artistic big-head is not half so bad as apathy.



IN the month of December, 1894, I printed the first "Little Journeys" in booklet form, at the local printing-office, having become discouraged in trying to find a publisher. But before offering the publications to the public I decided to lay the matter again before G. P. Putnam's Sons, although they had declined the matter in manuscript form. Mr. George H. Putnam rather liked the matter and was induced to issue the periodical at a venture for one year. The scheme seemed to meet with success, the novel form of the publication being in its favor. The subscription reached nearly a thousand in six months; the newspapers were kind and the success of the plan suggested printing a pamphlet modeled on similar lines, telling what we thought about things, in general, and publishers and magazine editors in particular. ¶ There was no intention at first of issuing more than one number of this pamphlet, but to get it through the mails at magazine rates we made up a little subscription-list and asked that it be entered at the postoffice at East Aurora as second-class matter. The postmaster adjusted his brass-rimmed spectacles, read the pamphlet, and decided that it surely was second-class matter. ¶ We called it the "Philistine" because we were going after the "Chosen People" in literature. It was Leslie Stephen who said, "The term Philistine is a word used by prigs to designate people they do not like." When you call a man a bad name, you are that thing—not he. The Smug and Snugly Enscenced denizens of Union Square called me a Philistine, and

I said, "Yes, I am one, if a Philistine is something different from you." ❦

My helpers, the printers, were about to go away to pastures new; they were in debt, the town was small, they could not make a living. So they offered me their outfit for a thousand dollars. I accepted the proposition.

I decided to run the "Philistine Magazine" for a year—to keep faith with the misguided who had subscribed—and then quit. To fill in the time, we printed a book: we printed it like a William Morris book—printed it just as well as we could. It was cold in the old barn where we first set up the "Philistine," so I built a little building like an old English chapel right alongside of my house. There was a basement, and one room upstairs. I wanted it to be comfortable and pretty, and so we furnished our little shop cozily. We had four girls and three boys working for us then. The shop was never locked, and the boys and girls used to come around evenings. It was really more pleasant than at home.

I brought over a shelf of books from my library. Then I brought the piano, because the youngsters wanted to dance.

The girls brought flowers and birds, and the boys put up curtains at the windows. We were having a lot o' fun, with new subscriptions coming in almost every day, and once in a while an order for a book.

❦ The place got too small when we began to bind books, so we built a wing on one side; then a wing on the other side. To keep the three carpenters busy who had been building the wings, I set them to making furniture for the place. They made the furniture as good as they could—folks came along and bought it.

The boys picked up field stones and built a great, splendid fireplace and chimney at one end of the shop. The work came out so well that I said: "Boys, here is a great scheme—these hardheads are splendid building material." So we advertised we would pay a dollar a load for niggerheads. The farmers began to haul stones; they hauled more stones, and at last they had hauled four thousand loads. We bought all the stone in the dollar limit, bulling the market on bowlders.

Three stone buildings have been built, another is in progress, and our plans are made to build an art gallery of the same material—the stones that the builders rejected. ❦ An artist blew in on the way to Nowhere, his baggage a tomato-can. He thought he would stop over for a day or two—he is with us yet, and three years have gone by since he came, and now we could not do without him.

Then we have a few Remittance Men, sent to us from a distance, without return-tickets. Some of these men were willing to do anything but work—they offered to run things, to preach, to advise, to make

love to the girls. ¶ We bought them tickets to Chicago and without violence, conducted them to the Four O'clock train.

We have boys who have been expelled from school, blind people, deaf people, old people, jailbirds and mental defectives, and have managed to set them all at useful work; but the Remittance Man of Good Family, who smokes cigarettes in bed, has proved too much for us—so we have given him the Four O'clock without ruth.

We do not encourage people from a distance who want work to come on—they are apt to expect too much. They look for Utopia, when work is work, here as elsewhere. There is just as much need for patience, gentleness, loyalty and love here as anywhere. Application, desire to do the right thing, a willingness to help, and a well-curbed tongue are as necessary in East Aurora as in Tuskegee.

We do our work as well as we can, live one day at a time; and try to be kind.



THE village of East Aurora, Erie County, New York, the home of the Roycrofters, is eighteen miles southeast of the city of Buffalo. The place has a population of about two thousand people.

There is no wealth in the town and no poverty. In East Aurora there are six churches, with pastors' salaries varying from three hundred to one thousand dollars a year; and we have a most excellent school. The place is not especially picturesque or attractive, being simply a representative New York state village. Lake Erie is ten miles distant, and Cazenovia Creek winds its lazy way along by the village.

The land around East Aurora is poor, and so reduced in purse are the farmers that no insurance company will insure farm property in Erie County under any conditions unless the farmer has some business outside of agriculture—the experience of the underwriters being that when a man is poor enough, he is also dishonest; insure a farmer's barn in New York state and there is a strong probability that he will soon invest in kerosene.

However, there is no real destitution, for a farmer can always raise enough produce to feed his family, and in a wooded country he can get fuel, even if he has to lift it between the dawn and the day. Most of the workers in the Roycroft Shop are children of farming folk, and it is needless to add that they are not college-bred, nor have they had the advantages of foreign travel. One of our best helpers, Uncle Billy Bushnell, has never been to Niagara Falls, and does not care to go. Uncle Billy says if you stay at home and do your work well enough, the world will come to you; which aphorism the old man backs up with another, probably derived from experience, to the effect that a man is a fool to chase after women, because if he does n't, the women

will chase after him. ¶ The wisdom of this hard-headed old son of the soil—who abandoned agriculture for art at seventy—is exemplified in the fact that during the year just past over twenty-eight thousand pilgrims have visited the Roycroft Shop—representing every state and territory in the Union and every civilized country on the globe, even far-off Iceland, New Zealand and the Isle of Guam.

¶ Three hundred and ten people are on the pay-roll at the present writing. The principal work is printing, illuminating and binding books. We also work at ornamental blacksmithing, cabinet work, painting pictures, clay-modeling and terra cotta. We issue two monthly publications, "The Philistine Magazine" and "Little Journeys."

"The Philistine" has a circulation of a little over one hundred thousand copies a month, and we print sixty thousand copies of "Little Journeys" each issue. Most of the "Journey" booklets are returned to us for binding, and nearly one-half of "The Philistine Magazines" come back for the same purpose. The binding of these publications is simple work, done by the girls and boys we have educated in this line.

¶ Quite as important as the printing and binding is the illuminating of initials and title-pages. This is a revival of a lost art, gone with so much of the artistic work done by the monks of the olden time. Yet there is a demand for such work, and so far as I know, we are the first concern in America to take up the hand-illumination of books as a business. Of course we have had to train our helpers, and from very crude attempts at decoration we have attained to a point where the British Museum and the "Bibliotheke" at the Hague have deigned to order and pay good golden guineas for specimens of our handicraft. Very naturally we want to do the best work possible, and so self-interest prompts us to be on the lookout for budding genius. The Roycroft is a quest for talent.



THERE are no skilled people in the Roycroft Shop, except those who have become skilled since they came here, with a very few exceptions. Among these is Mr. Louis H. Kinder, master bookbinder, who spent seven years' apprenticeship in Leipsic learning his trade. Competent bibliophiles assure me that Mr. Kinder's work is not surpassed by that of any other bookbinder in America. I have specimens of the work done by Riviere, Zahn, Cobden-Sanderson, Zahnsdorf, "The Guild of Women Binders" of London and the "Club Bindery" of New York; and we surely are not ashamed to show Mr. Kinder's work in the same case with these. But excellent and beautiful as Mr. Kinder's books are, his best work is in the encouragement and inspiration he has given to others.

Skilled artisans are usually so jealous of their craft that they refuse

to teach others—not so Mr. Kinder. Through his patient tutorship there are now five helpers in our Shop who can fetch along a full levant book nearly to the finish. And besides that, there are forty others who can do certain parts well, and gradually are becoming skillful. It takes time to make a bookbinder: to bind a book beautifully, stoutly and well, and to hand-tool it, is just as much of an art as to paint a beautiful picture.

In printing, our earlier attempts at “register” and “making ready” were often rather faulty, but with the aid of my faithful friends and helpers, Lyman Chandier and others, we are doing work which I think ranks with the best. In the presswork I have been especially helped by Charles Rosen and Louis Schell. These men have done for me the things I would have liked to do myself, but unfortunately I have only two hands and there are only, so far, twenty-four hours in a day. Happy is that man who has loyal, loving friends who are an extension of himself!

There is a market for the best, and the surest way, we think, to get away from competition, is to do your work a little better than the other fellow. The old tendency to make things cheaper, instead of better, in the book line is a fallacy, as shown in the fact that within ten years there have been a dozen failures of big publishing houses in the United States. The liabilities of these bankrupt concerns footed the fine total of fourteen million dollars. The man who made more books and cheaper books than any one concern ever made had the felicity to fail very shortly, with liabilities of something over a million dollars. He overdid the thing in matter of cheapness—mistook his market. Our motto is “Not How Cheap, But How Good.”

This is the richest country the world has ever known, richer far per capita than England—lending money to Europe. Once Americans were all shoddy—pioneers have to be, I'm told—but now only a part of us are shoddy. As men and women increase in culture and refinement, they want fewer things, and they want better things. The cheap article, I will admit, ministers to a certain grade of intellect; but if the man grows, there will come a time when, instead of a great many cheap and shoddy things, he will want a few good things. He will want things that symbol solidity, truth, genuineness and beauty.

The Roycrofters have many opportunities for improvement, not the least of which is the seeing, hearing and meeting distinguished people. We have a public dining-room, and not a day passes but men and women of note sit at meat with us. At the evening meal, if our visitors are so inclined, and are of the right fibre, I ask them to talk. And if there is no one else to speak, I sometimes read a little from William Morris, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman or Ruskin. David

Bispham has sung for us. Maude Adams and Minnie Maddern Fiske have also favored us with a taste of their quality, but to give a list of all the eminent men and women who have spoken, sung or played for us would lay me liable for infringement in printing "Who's Who." However, let me name one typical incident. The Boston Ideal Opera Company was playing in Buffalo, and Mr. Henry Clay Barnabee and half a dozen of his players took a run out to East Aurora. They were shown through the Shop by one of the girls whose work it is to receive visitors. A young woman of the company sat down at one of the pianos and played. I chanced to be near and asked Mr. Barnabee if he would not sing, and graciously he answered, "Fra Elbertus, I'll do anything that you say." I gave the signal that all the workers should quit their tasks and meet at the chapel. In five minutes we had an audience of three hundred—men in blouses and overalls, girls in big aprons—a very jolly, kindly, receptive company.

Mr. Barnabee was at his best—I never saw him so funny. He sang, danced, recited, and told stories for forty minutes. The Roycrofters were, of course, delighted.

One girl whispered to me as she went out, "I wonder what great sorrow is gnawing at Barnabee's heart, that he is so wondrous gay!" Need I say that this girl who made the remark just quoted had drunk of life's cup to the very lees? We have a few such with us—and several of them are among our most loyal helpers.



ONE fortuitous event that has worked to our decided advantage was "A Message to Garcia."

This article, not much more than a paragraph, covering only fifteen hundred words, was written one evening after supper, in a single hour. It was the 22d of February, 1899, Washington's Birthday, and we were just going to press with the March "Philistine." The thing leaped hot from my heart, written after a rather trying day when I had been endeavoring to train some rather delinquent helpers in the way they should go.

The immediate suggestion, though, came from a little argument over the teacups when my son Bert suggested that Rowan was the real hero of the Cuban war. Rowan had gone alone and done the thing—carried the message to Garcia.

It came to me with a flash! yes, the boy is right, the hero is the man who does the thing—does his work—carries the message.

I got up from the table, and wrote "The Message to Garcia."

I thought so little of it that we ran it in without a heading. The edition went out, and soon orders began to come for extra March "Philistines," a dozen, fifty, a hundred; and when the American News

Company ordered a thousand I asked one of my helpers which article it was that had stirred things up.

"It's that stuff about Garcia," he said.

The next day a telegram came from George H. Daniels, of the New York Central Railroad, thus, "Give price on one hundred thousand Rowan article in pamphlet form—Empire State Express advertisement on back—also state how soon can ship."

I replied giving price and stated we could supply the pamphlets in two years. Our facilities were small and a hundred thousand pamphlets looked like an awful undertaking.

The result was that I gave Mr. Daniels permission to reprint the article in his own way. He issued it in booklet form in editions of one hundred thousand each. Five editions were sent out, and then he got out an edition of half a million. Two or three of these half million lots have been sent out by Mr. Daniels, and in addition the article has been reprinted in over two hundred magazines and newspapers. It has been translated into eleven languages, and been given a total circulation of over twenty-two million copies. It has attained, I believe, a larger circulation in the same length of time than any written article has ever before reached.

Of course, we cannot tell just how much good "The Message to Garcia" has done the Shop, but it probably doubled the circulation of both "Little Journeys" and the "Philistine." I do not consider it, by any means, my best piece of writing; but it was opportune—the time was ripe. Truth demands a certain expression, and too much had been said on the other side about the down-trodden, honest man looking for work and not being able to find it. The article in question states the other side. Men are needed, loyal, honest men who will do their work—"the world cries out for him—the man who can carry a message to Garcia."

The man who sent the message and the man who received it are dead. The man who carried it is still carrying other messages. The combination of theme, condition of the country, and method of circulation were so favorable that their conjunction will probably never occur again. Other men will write better articles, but they may go a-begging for lack of a Daniels to bring them to judgment.



CONCERNING my own personal history, I'll not tarry long to tell. It has been too much like the career of many another born in the semi-pioneer times of the Middle West to attract much attention, unless one should go into the psychology of the thing with intent to show the evolution of a soul. But that will require a book—and some day I'll write it after the manner of St. Augustine or Jean Jacques.

¶ But just now I'll only say that I was born in Illinois, June 19th, 1856. My father was a country doctor, whose income never exceeded five hundred dollars a year. I left school at fifteen, with a fair hold on the three R's, and beyond this my education in "manual training" had been good. I knew all the forest trees, all wild animals thereabout, every kind of fish, frog, fowl or bird that swam, ran or flew. I knew every kind of grain or vegetable, and its comparative value. I knew the different breeds of cattle, horses, sheep and swine.

I could teach wild cows to stand while being milked, break horses to saddle or harness; could sow, plow and reap; knew the mysteries of applebutter, pumpkin pie, pickled beef, smoked side-meat, and could make lye at a leach and formulate soft soap.

That is to say, I was a bright, strong, active country boy who had been brought up to help his father and mother get a living for a large family.

I was not so densely ignorant—don't feel sorry for country boys: God is often on their side.

At fifteen I worked on a farm and did a man's work for a boy's pay. I did not like it and told the man so. He replied, "You know what you can do."

And I replied, "Yes." I went westward like the course of empire and became a cowboy; tired of this and went to Chicago; worked in a printing office; peddled soap from house to house; shoved lumber on the docks; read all the books I could find; wrote letters back to country newspapers and became a reporter; next got a job as traveling salesman; taught in a district school; read Emerson, Carlyle and Macaulay; worked in a soap factory; read Shakespeare and committed most of "Hamlet" to memory with an eye on the stage; became manager of the soap factory, then partner; evolved an Idea for the concern and put it on the track of making millions—knew it was going to make millions—did not want them; sold out my interest for seventy-five thousand dollars and went to Harvard College; tramped through Europe; wrote for sundry newspapers; penned two books (could n't find a publisher); taught night-school in Buffalo; tramped through Europe some more and met William Morris (caught it); came back to East Aurora and started "Chautauqua Circles"; studied Greek and Latin with a local clergyman; raised trotting-horses; wrote "Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great."

So that is how I got my education, such as it is. I am a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks, and I've taken several postgraduate courses. I have worked at five different trades enough to be familiar with the tools. In 1899 Tufts College bestowed on me the degree of Master of Arts; but since I did not earn the degree, it really does

not count. ¶ I have never been sick a day, never lost a meal through disinclination to eat, never consulted a doctor, never used tobacco or intoxicants. My work has never been regulated by the eight-hour clause ❀ ❀

Horses have been my only extravagance, and I ride horseback daily now: a horse that I broke myself, that has never been saddled by another, and that has never been harnessed.

My best friends have been workingmen, homely women and children. My father and mother are members of my household, and they work in the Shop when they are so inclined. My mother's business now is mostly to care for the flowers, and my father we call "Physician to the Roycrofters," as he gives free advice and attendance to all who desire his services. Needless to say, his medicine is mostly a matter of the mind. Unfortunately for him, we do not enjoy poor health, so there is very seldom anyone sick to be cured. Fresh air is free, and outdoor exercise is not discouraged.



THE Roycroft Shop and belongings represent an investment of about three hundred thousand dollars ❀ We have no liabilities, making it a strict business policy to sign no notes, or other instruments of debt, that may in the future prove inopportune and tend to disturb digestion. Fortune has favored us.

First, the country has grown tired of soft platitudes, silly truism and undisputed things said in such a solemn way. So when the "Philistine" stepped into the ring and voiced in no uncertain tones what its editor thought, thinking men and women stopped and listened. Editors of magazines refused my manuscript because they said it was too plain, too blunt, sometimes indelicate—it would give offense, subscribers would cancel, et cetera, et cetera. To get my thoughts published I had to publish them myself; and people bought for the very reason for which the editor said they would cancel. The readers wanted brevity and plain statement—the editors said they did n't. ¶ The editors were wrong. They failed to properly diagnose a demand. I saw the demand and supplied it—for a consideration.

Next I believed the American public. A portion of it at least, wanted a few good and beautiful books instead of a great many cheap books. The truth came to me in the early nineties, when John B. Alden and half a dozen other publishers of cheap books went to the wall. I read the R. G. Dun & Co. bulletin and I said, "The publishers have mistaken their public—we want better books, not cheaper." In 1892 I met William Morris, and after that I was sure I was right.

Again I had gauged the public correctly—the publishers were wrong, as wrong as the editors. There was a market for the best, and the

problem was to supply it. At first I bound my books in paper covers and simple boards. Men wrote to me wanting fine bindings—I said, there is a market in America for the best. Cheap boards, covered with cloth, stamped by machinery in gaudy tinsel and gilt, are not enough. I found that the bookbinders were all dead. I found five hundred people in a book factory in Chicago binding books, but not a bookbinder among them. They simply fed the books into hoppers and shot them out of chutes, and said they were bound. At last I discovered my Leipsic bookbinder, Louis Kinder, a silent man, with princely pride, who is sure that nobody but booklovers will go to heaven. He just wanted a bench and a chance to work—I supplied these, and here he is, doing the things I would like to do—doing them for me.

Next the public wanted to know about this thing—"What are you folks doing out there in that buckwheat town?" Since my twentieth year I have had one eye on the histrionic stage. I could talk in public a bit, had made political speeches, given entertainments in cross-road schoolhouses, made temperance harangues, was always called upon to introduce the speaker of the evening, and several times had given readings from my own amusing works for the modest stipend of ten dollars and keep. I would have taken the lecture platform had it not been nailed down.

In 1898, my friend Major Pond wanted to book me on a partnership deal at the Waldorf-Astoria. I did n't want to speak there—I had been saying unkind things in "The Philistine" about the Waldorf-Astoria folks. But the Major went ahead and made arrangements. I expected to be mobbed.

But Mr. Boldt, the manager of the hotel, had placed a suite of rooms at my disposal without money and without price. He treated me most cordially; never referred to the outrageous things I had said about his tavern; assured me that he enjoyed my writings, and told of the pleasure he had in welcoming me.

Thus did he heap hot cinders upon my occiput.

The Astor gallery seats eight hundred people. Major Pond had packed in nine hundred at one dollar each—three hundred were turned away. After the lecture the Major awaited me in the anteroom, fell on my neck and rained Pond's Extract down my back, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Why did n't we charge them two dollars apiece!"

The next move was to make a tour of the principal cities under Major Pond's management. Neither one of us lost money—the Major surely did not ❀ ❀

Last season I gave eighty-one lectures, with a net profit to myself of a little over ten thousand dollars. I spoke at Tremont Temple, in Boston, to twenty-two hundred people; at Carnegie Hall, New York;

at Central Music Hall, Chicago, I spoke to all the house would hold; at Chautauqua, my audience was five thousand people.

It will be noted by the Discerning that my lectures have been of double importance, in that they have given an income and at the same time advertised the Roycroft Wares.

The success of the Roycroft Shop has not been brought about by any one scheme or plan. The business is really a combination of several ideas, any one of which would make a paying enterprise in itself. So it stands about thus:

First. The printing and publication of two magazines.

Second. The printing of books (it being well known that some of the largest publishers in America—Scribner and Appleton, for instance—have no printing plants, but have the work done for them). Third. The publication of books. Fourth. The artistic binding of books.

Fifth. Authorship. Since I began printing my own manuscript, there is quite an eager demand for my writing, so I do a little of Class B for various publishers and editors. Sixth. The Lecture Lyceum.

Seventh. Blacksmithing, carpenter work, terra cotta and weaving. These industries have sprung up under the Roycroft care as a necessity. Men and women, many of them seventy years young or so, in the village, came to us and wanted work, and we simply gave them opportunity to do the things they could do best. We have found a market for all their wares, so no line of work has ever been a bill of expense ❀ ❀

I want no better clothing, no better food, no more comforts and conveniences than my helpers and fellow-workers have. I would be ashamed to monopolize a luxury—to take a beautiful work of art, say a painting or a marble statue, and keep it for my own pleasure and for the select few I might invite to see my beautiful things. Art is for all—beauty is for all. Harmony in all of its manifold forms should be like a sunset—free to all who can drink it in. The Roycroft Shop is for the Roycrofters, and each is limited only by his capacity to absorb.



ART is the expression of man's joy in his work, and all the joy and love that you weave into a fabric comes out again and belongs to the individual who has the soul to appreciate. Art is beauty, and beauty is a gratification, a peace and a solace to every normal man and woman. Beautiful sounds, beautiful colors, beautiful proportions, beautiful thoughts—how our souls hunger for them! Matter is only mind in an opaque condition; and all beauty is but a symbol of spirit.

You cannot get joy from feeding things all day into a machine. You must let the man work with hand and brain, and then out of the joy

of this marriage of hand and brain, beauty will be born. It tells of a desire for harmony, peace, beauty, wholeness—holiness.

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.

When you read a beautiful poem that makes your heart throb with gladness and gratitude, you are simply partaking of the emotion that the author felt when he wrote it. To possess a piece of work that the workman made in joyous animation is a source of joy to the possessor.

¶ And this love of the work done by the marriage of hand and brain can never quite go out of fashion—for we are men and women, and our hopes and aims and final destiny are at last one. Where one enjoys, all enjoy; where one suffers, all suffer.

Say what you will of the coldness and selfishness of men, at the last we long for companionship and the fellowship of our kind. We are lost children, and when alone and the darkness gathers, we long for the close relationship of the brothers and sisters we knew in our childhood, and cry for the gentle arms that once rocked us to sleep. Men are homesick amid this sad, mad rush for wealth and place and power. The calm of the country invites, and we would fain do with less things, and go back to simplicity, and rest our tired heads in the lap of Mother Nature.

Life is expression. Life is a movement outward, an unfolding, a development. To be tied down, pinned to a task that is repugnant, and to have the shrill voice of Necessity whistling eternally in your ears, "Do this or starve," is to starve; for it starves the heart, the soul, and all the higher aspirations of your being pine away and die.

¶ At the Roycroft Shop the workers are getting an education by doing things. Work should be the spontaneous expression of a man's best impulses. We grow only through exercise, and every faculty that is exercised, becomes strong, and those not used atrophy and die. Thus how necessary it is that we should exercise our highest and best! To develop the brain we have to exercise the body. Every muscle, every organ, has its corresponding convolution in the brain. To develop the mind, we must use the body. Manual training is essentially moral training; and physical work is at its best mental, moral and spiritual—and these are truths so great and yet so simple that until yesterday many wise men did not recognize them.

At the Roycroft Shop we are reaching out for an all-round development through work and right living.

And we have found it a good expedient—a wise business policy. Sweat-shop methods can never succeed in producing beautiful things. And so the management of the Roycroft Shop surrounds the workers with beauty, allows many liberties, encourages cheerfulness and tries to promote kind thoughts, simply because it has been found that these

things are transmuted into good, and come out again at the fingertips of the workers in beautiful results. So we have pictures, statuary, flowers, ferns, palms, birds, and a piano in every room. We have the best sanitary appliances that money can buy; we have bathrooms, shower-baths, library, rest-rooms. Every week we have concerts, dances, lectures.

Beside being a work-shop the Roycroft is a School. We are following out a dozen distinct lines of study, and every worker in the place is enrolled as a member of one or more classes. There are no fees to pupils, but each pupil purchases his own books—the care of his books and belongings being considered a part of one's education. All the teachers are workers in the Shop, and are volunteers, teaching without pay, beyond what each receives for his regular labor.

The idea of teaching we have found is a great benefit—to the teacher. The teacher gets most out of the lessons. Once a week there is a faculty meeting, when each teacher gives in a verbal report of his stewardship. It is responsibility that develops one, and to know that your pupils expect you to know is a great incentive to study. Then teaching demands that you shall give—give yourself—and he who gives most receives most. We deepen our impressions by recounting them, and he who teaches others teaches himself. I am never quite so proud as when some one addresses me as “teacher.”

We make a special feature, among our workers, of music. Our Musical Director, is instructing over one hundred pupils, of all ages, from three to seventy-three. We have a brass band, an orchestra, a choral society, a guitar and mandolin club, and a “Little German Band” that supplies the agrarians much glee.

We try to find out what each person can do best, what he wants to do, and then we encourage him to put his best into it—also to do something else besides his specialty, finding rest in change.

The thing that pays should be the expedient thing, and the expedient thing should be the proper and right thing. That which began with us as a matter of expediency is often referred to as a “philanthropy.” I do not like the word, and wish to state here that the Roycroft is in no sense a charity—I do not believe in giving any man something for nothing. You give a man a dollar and the man will think less of you because he thinks less of himself; but if you give him a chance to earn a dollar, he will think more of himself and more of you. The only way to help people is to give them a chance to help themselves. So the Roycroft Idea is one of reciprocity—you help me and I'll help you. We will not be here forever, anyway: soon Death, the kind old Nurse, will come and rock us all to sleep, and we had better help one another while we may: we are going the same way—let's go hand in hand.

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Vol. XIX

DECEMBER, 1906

No. 6

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During 1907 the following articles and their appropriate illustrations will appear in *Putnam's Monthly*:

PRIMITIVE MAN

The January number will contain a full account, by Robert F. Gilder, of his recent finding in a grave mound in Nebraska, of the skull of a human being of a lower cranial development than any other yet unearthed in America. A similar discovery, some years since, in Java, and another in Switzerland, give special significance to this skull as indicating the existence of a race of inferior intelligence to any other of which records exist, and Mr. Gilder's important find is attracting the attention of the leading biologists of the country. The discoverer's personal narrative, together with supplementary papers of a scientific character, will be appropriately illustrated.

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A Statesman of the South

By Professor H. Parker Willis, under this title, pays a tribute to the life and service of the late William L. Wilson.

Carl Schurz

By Professor Henry L. Nelson. The writer was associated with Mr. Schurz in the management of Harper's Weekly and succeeded him as editor of the paper.

Cuba in American Politics

By C. M. Harvey. In connection with a similar article by Richard B. Knight, printed in January, 1893, in the first number of Putnam's, this paper strikingly marks the first as an interesting prophecy of Cuban history.

Salvini and Ristori

A series of essays on matters connected with their art, by Signor Salvini, the most eminent living actor, and by the late Mme. Ristori, the most famous actress of the recent past. The latter discusses the question of the endowed theatre; while the former gives his views of the famous characters he has impersonated.

The Emily Emmons Papers

Miss Carolyn Wells allows her humorous pen to make a series of piquant sketches of her first impressions of England and France during the summer of 1906.

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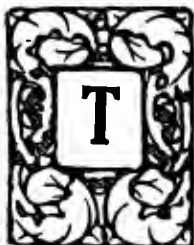
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Robert Louis Stevenson
and Fanny Osbourne

WE thank Thee for this place in which we dwell; for the love that unites us; for the peace accorded us this day; for the hope with which we expect the morrow; for the health, the work, the food, and the bright skies that make our lives delightful; for our friends in all parts of the earth, and our friendly helpers in this foreign isle. Give us courage and gaiety and the quiet mind. Spare to us our friends, soften to us our enemies. Bless us, if it may be, in all our innocent endeavors. If it may not, give us the strength to encounter that which is to come, that we be brave in peril, constant in tribulation, temperate in wrath, and in all changes of fortune, and down to the gates of death, loyal and loving one to another.

—VAILIMA PRAYERS

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND FANNY OSBOURNE



HERE is a libel leveled at the Scotch, and encouraged, I am sorry to say, by Chauncey Depew, when he told of approaching the docks in Glasgow and seeing the people on shore convulsed with laughter, and was told that their mirth was the result of one of his jokes told the year before, the point being just perceived.

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To Robert Louis life was altogether too important a matter to be taken seriously. The quality of fine fooling shown in the creation of a mystical character called "John Libbel" remained with Stevenson to the end of his days. Stevenson never knew the value of money, because he was not brought up to earn money. Very early he was placed on a small allowance, which

LITTLE JOURNEYS

he found could be augmented by maternal embezzlements and the kindly co-operation of pawnbrokers. Once on a trip from home with his cousin he found they lacked just five shillings of the required amount to pay their fare. They boarded the train and paid as far as they could. The train stopped at Crewe fifteen minutes for lunch. Lunch is a superfluity if you have n't the money to pay for it—but stealing a ride in Scotland is out of the question. Robert Louis hastily took a pair of new trousers from his valise and ran up the main street of the town anxiously looking for a pawnshop. There at the end of the thoroughfare he saw the three glittering, welcome balls. He entered, out of breath, threw down the trousers and asked for five shillings. "What name?" asked the pawnbroker. "John Libbel," was the reply, given without thought. "How do you spell it?" "Two b's!"

He got the five shillings and hastened back to the station where his cousin Bob was anxiously awaiting him. Robert Louis did not have to explain that his little run up the street was a financial success—that was understood. But what pleased him most was that he had discovered a new man, a very important man, John Libbel, the man who made pawnbrokers possible, the universal client of the craft.

"You mean patient, not client," interposed Bob. Then they invented the word libbelian, meaning one with pawnbroker inclinations. Libbelattos meant the children of John Libbel, and so it went.

The boys had an old font of type, and they busied themselves printing cards for John Libbel, giving his name and supposed business and address. These they gave out on the street, slipped under doors, or placed mysteriously in the hands of fussy old gentlemen. Finally the boys got to ringing door-bells and asking if John Libbel lived within. They sought Libbel at hotels, stopped men on the street and asked them if their name was n't John Libbel, and when told no, apologized profusely and declared the resemblance most remarkable.

They tied up packages of sawdust or ashes, very neatly labeled, compliments of John Libbel and dropped them on the streets. This was later improved by sealing the package and marking it "Gold Dust, for the Assayer's Office from John Libbel."

These packages would be placed along the street, and the youthful jokers would watch from doorways and see the package slyly slipped into pockets, or if the finder were honest he would hurry away to the Assayer's Office with his precious find to claim a reward ☞ ☞

The end of this particular kind of fun came when the two boys walked into a shop and asked for John Libbel. The clerk burst out laughing and said, "You are the Stevenson boys who have fooled the town!" Jokes explained cease to be jokes, and the young men sorrowfully admitted to themselves that Libbel was dead and should be buried.



ROBERT LOUIS was an only son, and was alternately disciplined and humored, as only sons usually are. His father was a civil engineer in the employ of the Northern Lights Company, and it was his business to build and inspect lighthouses. At his office used to congregate a motley collection of lighthouse keepers, retired sea captains, mates out of a job—and with these sad dogs of the sea little Robert used to make close and confidential friendships.

While he was yet a child he made the trip to Italy with his mother and brought back from Rome and Venice sundry crucifixes, tear bottles and “Saint Josephs,” all duly blest, and these he sold to his companions at so many whacks a piece. That is to say, the purchaser had to pay for the gift by accepting on his bare hand a certain number of whacks with a leather strap. If the recipient winced, he forfeited the present ☞ ☞

The boy was flat-chested and spindle-shanked and used to bank on his physical weakness when lessons were to be evaded.

He was two years at the Edinburgh Academy, where he reduced the cutting of lectures and recitations to a system, and substituted Dumas and Scott for the more learned men who prepared books for the sole purpose of confounding boys.

As for making an engineer of the young man the stern, practical father grew utterly discouraged when he saw

mathematics shelved for Smollett. Robert was then put to studying law with a worthy barrister. Law is business, and to suppose that a young man who religiously spent his month's allowance the day it was received, could make a success at the bar shows the vain delusion that often fills the parental head.

Stevenson's essay, "A Defence of Idlers," shows how no time is actually lost, not even that which is idled away. But this is a point that is very hard to explain to ambitious parents.

The traditional throwing overboard of the son the day he is twenty-one, allowing him to sink or swim, survive or perish, did not prevail with the Stevensons. At twenty-two Robert Louis still had his one guinea a month, besides what he could cajole, beg or borrow from his father and mother. He grew to watch the mood of his mother and has recorded that he never asked favors of his father before dinner.

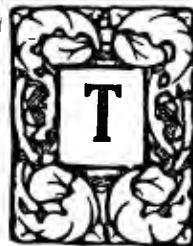
At twenty-three he sold an essay for two pounds, and referred gaily to himself as "one of the most popular and successful essayists in Great Britain." He was still a child in spirit, dependent upon others for support. He looked like a girl with his big wide-open eyes and long hair. As for society, in the society sense, he abhorred it and would have despised it if he had despised anything. The soft platitudes of people who win distinction by being nothing, doing nothing, and saying nothing excepting what has been said before, moved him to mocking mirth. From childhood he was a society rebel.

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made by Robert Louis and his cousin for passing a hawser to literature and taking it in tow.

In his twenty-fourth year Robert Louis discovered a copy of "Leaves of Grass," and he and his cousin Bob reveled in what they called "a genuine book." They heard that Michael Rossetti was to give a lecture on Whitman in a certain drawing-room. They attended, without invitation, and walked in coatless, just as they had heard Walt Whitman appeared at the Astor House in New York, when he went by appointment to meet Emerson.

After hearing Rossetti discuss Whitman they got the virus fixed in their systems. ¶ They walked up Princess Street in their shirt-sleeves, and saw fair ladies blush and look the other way. Next they tried sleeveless jerseys for street wear, and speculated as to how much clothing they would have to abjure before women would entirely cease to look at them.



HE hectic flush was upon the cheek of Robert Louis, and people said he was distinguished &c. "Death admires me even if publishers do not," he declared. ¶ The doctors ordered him south and he seized upon the suggestion and wrote "Ordered South"—and started. ¶ Bob went with him, and after a trip through Italy, they arrived at Barbizon to see the

He wore his hair long, because society men had theirs cut close. His short velvet coat, negligee shirt and wide-awake hat were worn for no better reason. His long cloak gave him a look of haunting mystery, and made one think of a stage hero or a robber you read of in books. Motives are mixed, and foolish folks who ask questions about why certain men do certain things, do not know that certain men do certain things because they wish to, and leave to others the explanation of whyness of the wherefore.

People who always dress, talk and act alike do so for certain reasons well understood, but the man who does differently from the mass is not so easy to analyze and formulate.

The feminine quality in Robert Louis' nature shows itself in that he fled the company of women, and with them held no converse if he could help it. He never wrote a love story, and once told Crockett that if he ever dared write one it would be just like "The Lilac Sunbonnet."

Yet it will not do to call Stevenson effeminate, even if he was feminine. He had a courage that outmatched his physique. Once in a cafe in France, a Frenchman remarked that the English were a nation of cowards. The words had scarcely passed his lips before Robert Louis flung the back of his hand in the Frenchman's face. Friends interposed, and cards were passed, but the fire-eating Frenchman did not call for his revenge or apology—much to the relief of Robert Louis.

Plays were begun, stories blocked out, and great plans

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scene of "The Angelus," and look upon the land of Millet—Millet, whom Michael Rossetti called "The Whitman of Art."

Bob was an artist—he could paint, write, and play the flageolet. Robert Louis declared that his own particular velvet jacket and big coat would save him at Barbizon, even if he could not draw any to speak of. "In art the main thing is to look the part—or else paint superbly well," said Robert Louis.

The young men got accommodations at "Siron's."

This was an inn for artists, artists of slender means—and the patrons at Siron's held that all genuine artists had slender means. The rate was five francs a day for everything, with a modest pro rata charge for breakage. The rules were not strict, which prompted Robert Louis to write the great line, "When formal manners are laid aside, true courtesy is the more rigidly exacted."

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Siron's was an inn, but it was really much more like an exclusive club, for if the boarders objected to any particular arrival, two days was the outside limit of his stay. Buttinsky the boulder was interviewed and the early coach took the objectionable one away forever

And yet no artist was ever sent away from Siron's, no matter how bad his work or how threadbare his clothes—if he was a worker; if he really tried to express beauty, all of his eccentricities were pardoned and his pot-boiling granted absolution. But the would-be Bohemian, or the man who was in search of a thrill, or if in any manner the party on probation sug-

gested that Madame Siron was not a perfect cook and Monsieur Siron was not a genuine grand duke in disguise, he was interviewed by Bailley Bodmer the local headsman of the clan, and plainly told that escape lay in flight.

There were several Americans at Siron's, Whistler among them, and yet Americans as a class were voted objectionable, unless they were artists, or perchance would-be's who supplied unconscious entertainment by an excess of boasting.

Women, unless accompanied by a certified male escort, were not desired under any circumstances. And so matters stood when the "two Stensons"—the average Frenchman could not say Stevenson—were respectively Exalted Ruler and Chief Councillor of Siron's ☞ ☞

At that time one must remember that the landlady and chambermaid might be allowed to mince across the stage, but men took the leading parts in life.

The cousins had been away on a three-days' tramping tour through the forest. When they returned they were duly informed that something terrible had occurred—a woman had arrived—an American woman with a daughter aged, say, fourteen, and a son twelve. They had paid a month in advance and were duly installed by Siron. Siron was summoned and threatened with deposition. The poor man shrugged his shoulders in hopeless despair. Mon Dieu! how could he help it—the "Stensons" were not at hand to look after their duties—the woman had paid for accommodations, and

money in an art colony was none too common! ¶ But Bailey Bodmer had he, too, been derelict? Bailey appeared, his boasted courage limp, his prowess pricked. He asked to have a man pointed out—any two or three men—and he would see that the early stage should not go away empty. But a woman, a woman in half mourning was different, and beside, this was a different woman. She was an American, of course, but probably against her will. Her name was Osbourne and she was from San Francisco. She spoke good French and was an artist.

One of the Stevensons sneezed; the other took a lofty and supercilious attitude of indifference.

It was tacitly admitted that the woman should be allowed to remain, her presence being a reminder to Siron of remissness, and to Bailey of cowardice.

So the matter rested, the Siron Club being in temporary disgrace, the unpleasant feature too distasteful even to discuss.

As the days passed, however, it was discovered that Mrs. Osbourne did not make any demands upon the Club. She kept her own counsel, rose early and worked late, and her son and daughter were well behaved and inclined to be industrious in their studies and sketching ♪ ♪

One day it was discovered that Robert Louis had gotten lunch from the Siron kitchen and was leading the Osbourne family on a little excursion to the wood back of Rosa Bonheur's.

Self-appointed scouts who happened to be sketching

over that way came back and reported that Mrs. Osbourne was seen painting, while Robert Louis sat on a rock near by and told pirate tales to Lloyd, the twelve-year-old boy.

A week later Robert Louis had one of his "bad spells," and he told Bob to send for Mrs. Osbourne.

Nobody laughed after this. It was silently and unan-
imously voted that Mrs. Osbourne was a good fellow
and soon she was enjoying all the benefits of the Siron
Club. When a frivolous member suggested that it be
called the Syren Club he was met by an oppressive
stillness and black looks.

Mrs. Osbourne was educated, amiable, witty and wise.
She evidently knew humanity, and was on good terms
with sorrow, although sorrow never subdued her;
what her history was nobody sought to inquire. When
she sketched, Robert Louis told pirate stories to
Lloyd ☪ ☪

The Siron Club took on a degree of sanity that it had
not known before. Little entertainments were given
where Mrs. Osbourne read to the company from an
unknown American poet, Joaquin Miller by name, and
Bob expounded Walt Whitman.

The Americans as a people evidently were not wholly
bad—at least there was hope for them!

Bob began to tire of Barbizon, and finally went back
to Edinburgh alone. Arriving there he had to explain
why Robert Louis did not come too. Robert Louis
had met an American woman, and they seemed to like
each other.

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The parents of Robert Louis did not laugh—they were grieved. Their son, who had always kept himself clear from feminine entanglements, was madly, insanely in love with a woman, the mother of two grown-up children, and a married woman and an American at that—it was too much!

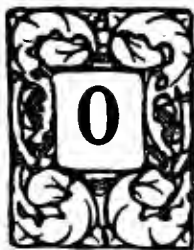
Just how they expostulated and how much, will never be known. They declined to go over to France and see her, and they declined to have her come to see them—a thing Mrs. Osbourne probably would not have done at that time, anyway.

But there was a comfort in this, their son was in much better health, and several of his articles had been accepted by the London magazines.

So three months went by, and suddenly and without notice Robert Louis appeared at home, and in good spirits ☪ ☪

As for Mrs. Osbourne, she had sailed for America with her two children. The elder Stevensons breathed more freely.





ON August 10, 1879, Robert Louis sailed from Glasgow for New York on the steamship "Devonia." It was a sudden move, taken without consent of his parents or kinsmen. The young man wrote a letter to his father, mailing it at the dock. When the missive reached the father's hands that worthy gentleman was unspeakably shocked and terribly grieved. He made frantic attempts to reach the ship before it had passed out of the Clyde and rounded into the North Sea, but it was too late.

He then sent two telegrams to the Port of Londonderry, one to Louis begging him to return at once as his mother was very sick, and the other message to the captain of the ship ordering him to put the wilful son ashore bag and baggage.

The things we do when fear and haste are at the helm are usually wrong, and certainly do not mirror our better selves.

Thomas Stevenson was a Scotchman, and the Scotch, a certain man has told us, are the owners of a trinity of bad things—Scotch whiskey, Scotch obstinacy and Scotch religion. What the first mentioned article has to do with the second and third, I do not know, but certain it is that the second and third are hopelessly intertwined, this according to Ian MacLaren, who ought to know. This obstinacy in right proportion constitutes will, and without will life languishes and projects die a-borning. But mixed up with this relig-

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ious obstinacy is a goodly jigger of secretiveness, and in order to gain his own point the religion of the owner does not prevent him from prevarication. In "Margaret Ogilvie," that exquisite tribute to his mother by Barrie, the author shows us a most religious woman who was well up to the head of the Sapphira class. ¶ The old lady had been reading a certain book and there was no reason why she should conceal the fact, save that her pride and obstinacy stood in the way, she having once denounced the work. The son suddenly enters and finds the mother sitting quietly looking out of the window. She was suspiciously quiet. The son questions her somewhat as follows:

"What are you doing, mother?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Have you been reading?"

"Do I look like it?"

"Why, yes, the book on your lap!"

"What book?"

"The book under your apron."

And so does this sweetly charming and deeply religious old lady prove her fitness in many ways to membership in the liar's league. She secretes, prevaricates, lays petty traps, and mouses all day long. The Eleventh Commandment, "Thou Shalt not Snoop," evidently had never been called to her attention, and even her gifted son is seemingly totally unaware of it. So Thomas Stevenson, excellent man that he was, turned to subterfuge, and telegraphed his run-away son that his mother was sick, appealing to his love for

his mother to lure him back. ¶ However, children do not live with their forbears for nothing—they know their parents just as well as their parents know them. Robert Louis reasoned that it was quite as probable that his father lied as that his mother was sick. He yielded to the stronger attraction—and stuck to the ship ☪ ☪

He was sailing to America because he had received word that Fanny Osbourne was very ill. Half a world divided them, but attraction to lovers is in inverse ratio to the square of the distance.

He must go to her!

She was sick and in distress. He must go to her.

The appeals of his parents, even their dire displeasure—the ridicule of relatives, all were as naught. He had some Scotch obstinacy of his own. Every fibre of his being yearned for her. She needed him. He was going to her!

Of course his action in thus sailing away to a strange land alone was a shock to his parents. He was a man in years, but they regarded him as but a child, as indeed he was. He had never earned his own living. He was frail in body, idle, erratic, peculiar. His flashing wit and subtle insight into the heart of things were quite beyond his parents—in this he was a stranger to them. Their religion to him was gently amusing and he congratulated himself on not having inherited it. He had a pride too, but Graham Balfour says it was French pride, not the Scotch brand. He viewed himself as a part of the passing procession. His own velvet

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jacket and marvelous manifestations in neckties added interest to the show. And that he admired his own languorous ways there is no doubt. His "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde" he declared in sober earnest in which was concealed a half smile, was autobiography. And this is true, for all good things that every writer writes are a self-confession.

Stevenson was a hundred men in one and "his years were anything from sixteen to eighty," says Lloyd Osbourne in his "Memoirs."

But when a letter came from San Francisco saying Fanny Osbourne was sick, all of that dilatory, procrastinating, gently trifling quality went out of his soul and he was possessed by one idea—he must go to her!

¶ The captain of the ship had no authority to follow the order of an unknown person and put him ashore, so the telegram was given to the man to whom it referred. He read the message, smiled dreamily, tore it into bits and dropped it on the tide. And the ship turned her prow toward America and sailed away.

¶ So this was the man who had no firmness, no decision, no will!

Aye, heretofore he had only lacked a motive.
Now love supplied it.





It is life supplies the writer his theme. People who have not lived, no matter how grammatically they may write, have no message.

Robert Louis had now severed the umbilical cord. He was going to live his own life, to earn his own living. He could do but one thing, and that was to write. He may have been a procrastinator in everything else, but as a writer he was a skilled mechanic. And so straightway on that ship he began to work his experiences up into copy. Just what he wrote the world will never know, for although the MS. was sold to a publisher, yet Barabbas did not give it to the people. There are several ways by which a publisher can thrive. To get paid for not publishing is easy money—it involves no risk. In this instance an Edinburgh publisher bought the MS. for thirty pounds intending to print it in book form showing the experience of a Scotchman in search of a fortune in New York. In order to verify certain dates and data the publisher submitted the MS. to Thomas Stevenson. Great was that gentleman's interest in the literary venture of his son. He read with a personal interest, for he was the author of the author's being. But as he read he felt that he himself was placed in a most unenviable light, for although he was not directly mentioned, yet the suffering of the son on the emigrant ship seemed to point out the father as one who disregarded his parental duties. And above all things

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Thomas Stevenson prided himself on being a good provider ☞ ☞

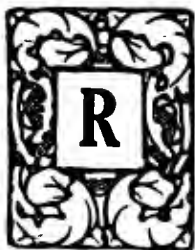
Thomas Stevenson straightway bought the MSS. from the publisher for one hundred pounds.

On hearing of the fate of his book Robert Louis intimated to his father that thereafter it would be as well for them to deal direct with each other and thus save the middleman's profits.

However, the father and son got together on the MSS. question some years later, and the over-sensitive parent was placated by striking out certain passages that might be construed as aspersions, and a few direct complimentary references inserted, and the printer got the book on payment of two hundred pounds ☞ ☞

The transaction turned out so well that Thomas Stevenson said "I told you so," and Robert Louis saw the patent fact that hindsight, accident and fear sometimes serve us quite as well as insight and perspicacity, not to mention perspicuity. We aim for one target and hit the bulls-eye on another. We sail for a certain port, where unknown to us, pirates lie in wait, and God sends His storms and drives us upon Treasure Island. There we load up with ingots; the high tide floats us and we sail away for home with our unearned increment to tell the untraveled natives how we are the people and wisdom will die with us.





ROBERT LOUIS was a sick man. The ship was crowded, and the fare and quarters were far from being what he always had been used to. The people he met in the second cabin were neither literary nor artistic, but some of them had right generous hearts.

On being interrogated by one of his messmates as to his business, Robert Louis replied that he was a stone-mason. The man looked at his long, slim, artistic fingers and knew better, but he did not laugh. He respected this young man with the hectic flush, revered his secret whatever it might be, and smuggled delicacies from the cook's galley for the alleged stone-mason. "Thus did he shovel coals of fire on my head until to ease my heart I called him aft one moonlight night and told him I was no stone-mason, and begged him to forgive me for having sought to deceive one of God's own gentlemen."

Meantime, every day our emigrant turned out a little good copy, and this made life endurable, for was it not Robert Louis himself who gave us this immortal line,

"I know what pleasure is, for I have done good work."

He was going to her!

Arriving in New York he straightway invested two good dollars in a telegram to San Francisco, and five cents in postage on a letter to Edinburgh.

These two things done he would take time to rest up for a few days in New York. One of the passengers had given him the address of a plain and respectable tav-

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ern, where an honest laborer of scanty purse could find food and lodging. This was No. Ten, West Street. ¶ Robert Louis dare not trust himself to the regular transfer company, so he listened to the siren song of the owner of a one-horse express wagon who explained that the distance to No. Ten, West Street was something to be dreaded, and that five dollars for the passenger and his two tin boxes was like doing the work for nothing.

The money was paid; the boxes were loaded into the wagon, and Robert Louis, seated upon one of them, with a horse blanket around him, in the midst of a pouring rain, the driver cracked his whip and started away. He drove three blocks to starboard and one to port, and backed up in front of No. Ten, West Street, which proved to be almost directly across the street from the place where the "Devonia" was docked. But strangers in a strange country cannot argue—they can only submit.

The landlord looked over the new arrival from behind the bar, and then through a little window called for his wife to come in from the kitchen.

The appearance of the dripping emigrant who insisted in answer to their questions that he was not sick, and that he needed nothing, made an appeal to the mother-heart of this wife of an Irish saloon-keeper.

Straightway she got dry clothes from her husband's wardrobe for the poor man, and insisted that he should at once go to his room and change the wet garments for the dry ones. She then prepared him supper which

he ate in the kitchen, and choked for gratitude when this middle-aged, stout and illiterate woman poured his tea and called him "dear heart."

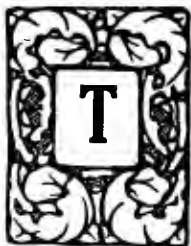
She asked him where he was going and what he was going to do. He dare not repeat the story that he was a stone-mason—the woman knew he was some sort of a superior being, and his answer that he was going out west to make his fortune was met by the Irish-like response, "And may the Holy Mother grant that ye find it."

It is very curious how gentle and beautiful souls find other gentle and beautiful souls even in bar-rooms, and among the lowly—I really do not understand it!

¶ In his book Robert Louis paid the landlord of No. Ten, West Street such a heartfelt compliment that the traditions still invest the place, and the present landlord is not forgetful that his predecessor once entertained an angel unawares. When the literary pilgrim enters the door, scrapes his feet on the sanded floor and says "Robert Louis Stevenson," the bar-keeper and loafers straighten up and endeavor to put on the pose and manner of gentlemen, and all the courtesy, kindness and consideration they can muster are yours.

The man who could redeem a West Street barkeeper and glorify a dock saloon must have been a remarkable personality.





TO get properly keel-hauled for his overland emigrant passage across the continent Robert Louis remained in New York three days. The kind landlady packed a big basket of food—not exactly the kind to tempt the appetite of an invalid—but all flavored with good will, and she also at the last moment presented a pillow in a new calico pillow case that has been accurately described, and the journey began.

There was no sleeping-car for the author of "A Lodging for the Night." He sat bolt upright and held tired babies on his knees, or tumbled into a seat and wooed the drowsy god. The third night out he tried sleeping flat in the aisle of the car on the floor until the brakeman ordered him up, and then two men proposed to fight the officious brakeman if he did not leave the man alone. To save a riot Robert Louis agreed to obey the rules. It was a ten-days' trip across the continent, filled with discomforts that would have tried the constitution of a strong man. Robert Louis arrived "bilgy" as he expressed it, but alive.

Mrs. Osbourne was better. The day she received the telegram was the turning point in her case. The doctor perceived that his treatment was along the right line, and ordered the medicine continued.

She was too ill to see Robert Louis—it was not necessary anyway. He was near and this was enough. She began to gain.

Just here seems a good place to say that the foolish

story to the effect that Mr. Osbourne was present at the wedding and gave his wife away, has no foundation in fact. Robert Louis never saw Mr. Osbourne and never once mentioned his name to any one so far as we know. He was a mine prospector and speculator, fairly successful in his work. That he and his wife were totally different in their tastes and ambitions is well understood. They whom God has put asunder no man can join together. The husband and wife had separated, and Mrs. Osbourne went to France to educate her children—educate them as far from their father as possible ☪ Also she wished to study art on her own account. So blessed be stupidity—and heart hunger and haunting misery that drive one out and away. She returned to California to obtain legal freedom and make secure her business affairs. There are usually three parties to a divorce, and this case was no exception ☪ ☪

It is a terrible ordeal for a woman to face a divorce court and ask the state to grant her a legal separation from the father of her children ☪ Divorce is not a sudden, spontaneous affair—it is the culmination of a long train of unutterable woe. Under the storm and stress of her troubles Mrs. Osbourne had been stricken with fever. Sickness is a result—and so is health.

When Robert Louis arrived in San Francisco Mrs. Osbourne grew better. In a few months she pushed her divorce case to a successful conclusion. Mr. Osbourne must have been a man with some gentlemanly instincts, for he made no defence, provided a liberal little

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fortune for his former family, and kindly disappeared from view ☞ ☞

Robert Louis did desultory work on newspapers in San Francisco and later at Monterey, with health up and down as hope fluctuated. In the interval a cablegram had come from his father saying, "Your allowance is two hundred and fifty pounds a year." This meant that he had been forgiven, although not very graciously, and was not to starve.

Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne were married May 10, 1880.

"The Silverado Squatters" shows how to spend a honeymoon in a miner's deserted cabin, a thousand miles from nowhere. The Osbourne children were almost grown, and were at that censorious age when the average youngster feels himself capable of taking mental and moral charge of his parents. But these children were different; then, they had a different mother, and as for Robert Louis, he was certainly a different proposition from that ever evolved from creation's matrix. He belongs to no class, evades the label, and fits into no pigeonhole. The children never called him "father"—he was always "Louis"—simply one of them. He married the family and they married him. He had captured their hearts in France by his story-telling, his flute-playing and his skilful talent with the jack-knife. Now he was with them for all time, and he was theirs. It was the most natural thing in the world.

Mrs. Stevenson was the exact opposite of her husband

in most things. She was quick, practical, accurate and had a manual dexterity in housekeeping way beyond the lot of most women. With all his half-invalid, languid, dilettante ways Robert Louis adored the man or woman who could do things. Perhaps this was why his heart went out to those who go down to the sea in ships—the folk whose work is founded not on theories but on absolute mathematical laws.

In their sixteen years of married life, Robert Louis never tired of watching Fanny at her housekeeping. "To see her turn the flapjacks by a simple twist of the wrist is a delight not soon to be forgotten, and my joy is to see her hanging clothes on the line in a high wind." ☪ ☪

The folks at home labored under the hallucination that Robert Louis had married "a native Californian," and to them a "native" meant a half-breed Indian. The fact was that Fanny was born in Indiana, but this explanation only deepened the suspicion, for surely people who lived in Indiana are Indians, any one would know that! Cousin Robert made apologies and explanations, although none were needed, and placed himself under the ban of suspicion of being in league to protect Robert Louis, for the fact that the boys had always been quite willing to lie for each other had been well known.

Mrs. Stevenson made good all that Robert Louis lacked. In physique she was small, but sturdy and strong ☪ Mentally she was very practical, very sensible, very patient. Then she had wit, insight, sympathy and that

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of writing just for fun, for some one else, it has not yet been discovered.

The miracle is that Robert Louis the Scotchman should have been so perfectly understood and appreciated by this little family from the other side of the world. The Englishman coming to America speaks a different language from ours—his allusions, symbols, aphorisms belong to another sphere. He does not understand us, nor we him. But Robert Louis Stevenson and Fanny Osbourne must have been “universals,” for they never really had to get acquainted, they loved the same things, spoke a common language and best of all recognized that what we call “life” is n’t life at the last, and that an anxious stirring, clutching for place, pelf and power is not nearly as good in results as to play the flute, tell stories and keep house just for fun ☞ ☞

The Stevenson spirit of gentle raillery was well illustrated by Mrs. Strong in an incident that ran somewhat thus: A certain boastful young person was telling of a funeral where among other gorgeous things were eight “pall-berries.”

Said Mrs. Stevenson in admiration, “Just a-think, pall-berries at a funeral; how delightful!”

“My dear,” said Robert Louis, reprovingly, “You know perfectly well that we always have pall-berries at our funerals in Samoa.”

“Quite true, my dear, provided it is pall-berry season.”

☞ “And suppose it is not pall-berry season, do we not have them tinned?”

fluidity of spirit which belongs only to the Elect Few who know that nothing really matters much either way. Such a person does not contradict, set folks straight as to dates, and shake the red rag of wordy warfare, even in the interests of truth.

Then keeping house on Silverado Hill was only playing at "keep-house," and the way all hands entered into the game made it the genuine thing. People who keep house in earnest or do anything else in dead earnest are serious but not sincere. Sincere people are those who can laugh—even laugh at themselves, and thus are they saved from ossification of the heart and fatty degeneration of the cerebrum. The Puritans forgot how to play, otherwise they would never have hanged the witches or gone after the Quakers with fetters and handcuffs. Uric acid and crystals in the blood are bad things, but they are worse when they get into the soul.

That most delightful story of "Treasure Island" was begun as a tale told 'round the evening camp-fire for Lloyd Osbourne. Then the hearers begged that it be written out, and so it was begun, one chapter a day. As fast as a chapter was written it was read in the evening to an audience that hung on every word, and speculated as to what the characters would do next. All applauded, all criticised—all made suggestions as to what was "true," that is to say, as to what the parties actually did and said. "Treasure Island" is the best story of adventure ever written, and if anybody knows a better recipe for story-writing than the plan

**LITTLE
JOURNEYS**

“Yes, but there is a tendency to pick them green—that is awful!”

“But not so awful as to leave them on the bushes until they get rotten.”

Finck in his fine book, “Romantic Love and Personal Beauty,” says that not once in a hundred thousand times do you find a man and wife who have reached a state of actual understanding.

Incompatibility comes from misunderstanding and misconstruing motives, or more often probably, attributing motives where none exist. And until a man and woman comprehend the working of each other’s mind and “respect the mood” there is no mental mating, and without a mental mating we can talk of ownership and rights, but not of marriage.

The delight of creative work lies in self-discovery—you are mining nuggets of power out of your own cosmos, and the find comes as a great and glad surprise. The kindergarten baby who discovers he can cut out a pretty shape from colored paper and straightway wants to run home to show mamma his find, is not far separated from the literary worker who turns a telling phrase, and straightway looks for Her, to read it to double his joy by sharing it. Robert Louis was ever discovering new beauties in his wife and she in him. Eliminate the element of surprise and anticipate everything a person can do or say, and love is a mummy. Thus do we get the antithesis—understanding and surprise ☞ ☞

Marriage worked a miracle in Robert Louis—suddenly

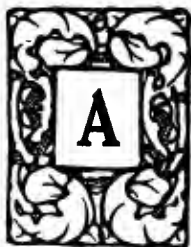
he became industrious. He ordered that a bell should be tinkled at six o'clock every morning or a whistle blown as a sign that he should "get away," and at once he began the work of the day. More probably he had begun it hours before, for he had the bad habit of the midnight brain.

Kipling calls Robert Louis our only perfect artist in letters—the man who filed down to a hair. Robert Louis knew no synonyms, for him there was the right word and none other. He balanced the sentence over and over on his tongue, tried and tried again until he found the cadence that cast the prophetic, purple shadow—that not only expressed a meaning, but which tokened what would follow.

"Treasure Island" opened the market for Stevenson and thereafter there was a demand for his wares.

Health came back; and the folks at home seeing that Robert Louis was getting his name in the papers, and noting the steady, triumphant tone of sanity in all he wrote, came to the conclusion that his marriage was not a failure.





ABOVE all men in the realm of letters Robert Louis had that peculiar and divine thing called "charm." To know him was to love him, and those who did not love him did not know him so. This welling grace of spirit was also the possession of his wife. In his married life Stevenson was always the lover, never the loved. The habit of his mind was shown in these lines :

TO MY WIFE

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble dew,
Steel true and blade straight,
The Great Artisan made my mate.

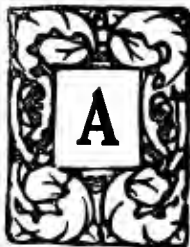
Honor, courage, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench nor evil stir,
The Mighty Master gave to her.

Teacher, pupil, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul free,
The august Father gave to me.

Edmund Gosse gives a pen-picture of Stevenson thus :
"I came home dazzled with my new friend, saying as Constance does of Arthur, "Was ever such a gracious creature born?" That impression of ineffable mental charm was formed at the first moment of acquaintance, about 1877, and it never lessened or became modified. Stevenson's rapidity in the sympathetic interchange of ideas was, doubtless, the source of it. He has been

described as an "egotist," but I challenge the description. If ever there was an altruist it was Louis Stevenson; he seemed to feign an interest in himself merely to stimulate you to be liberal in your confidences. Those who have written about him from later impressions than these of which I speak seem to me to give insufficient prominence to the gaiety of Stevenson. It was his cardinal quality in those early days. A child-like mirth leaped and danced in him; he seemed to skip the hills of life. He was simply bubbling with quips and jest; his inherent earnestness or passion about abstract things was incessantly relieved by jocosity; and when he had built one of his intellectual castles in the sand, a wave of humor was certain to sweep in and destroy it. I cannot, for the life of me recall any of his jokes; and written down in cold blood, they might not seem funny if I did. They were not wit so much as humanity, the many-sided outlook upon life. I am anxious that his laughter-loving mood should not be forgotten because later on it was partly, but I think never wholly quenched by ill health, responsibility, and the advance of years. He was often, in the old days excessively and delightfully silly—silly with silliness of an inspired schoolboy; and I am afraid that our laughter sometimes sounded ill in the ears of age.





VISIT to Scotland and the elders capitulated, apologized and asked quarter. Thomas Stevenson was so delighted with Lloyd Osbourne that he made the boy his chief heir, and declared in presence of Robert Louis that he only regretted that his own son was never half so likely a lad. To which Robert Louis replied, "Genius always skips one generation." ¶ Health had come to Robert Louis in a degree he had never before known. He also had dignity and a precision such as his parents and kinsmen had despaired of ever seeing in one so physically and mentally vacillating ☉ ☉

Stevenson was once asked by a mousing astrologer to state the date of his birth. Robert Louis looked at his wife soberly and slowly answered, "May Tenth, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty." And not a smile crossed the countenance of either. Each understood.

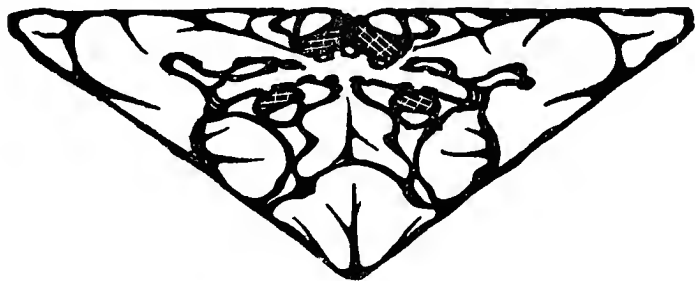
That the nature of Stevenson was buoyed up, spiritualized, encouraged and given strength by his marriage, no quibbler has ever breathed the ghost of a doubt. His wife supplied him the mothering care that gave his spirit wing. He loved her children as his own and they reciprocated the affection in a way that embalms their names in amber forevermore.

When Robert Louis, after a hemorrhage, sat propped up in bed, forbidden to speak, he wrote on a pad with pencil, "Mr. Dumbleigh presents his compliments and praises God that he is sick so he has to be cared for


by two tender, loving fairies. Was ever a man so blest?"

LITTLE JOURNEYS

Again he begins the day by inditing a poem, "To the bare, brown feet of my wife and daughter dear." And this, be it remembered was after the bare, brown feet had been running errands for him for thirteen years. And think you that women so loved, and by such a man, would not fetch and carry and run and find their highest joy in ministering to him? If he were thrice blest in having them, as he continually avowed, how about them? It only takes a small dole of love when fused with loyalty to win the abject, dog-like devotion of a good woman. On the day of his death Stevenson said to his wife, "You have already given me fourteen years of life." And this is the world's verdict—fourteen years of life and love, and without these fourteen years the name and fame of Robert Louis Stevenson were writ in water; with them "R.L.S." has been cut deep in the granite of time, but better still, the gentle spirit of Stevenson lives again in the common heart of the world in lives made better.



S U C C E S S

 HE has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much, who has enjoyed the trust of good women, and the respect of intellectual men and the love of little children, who has filled his niche and accomplished his task, and who has left the world better than he found it whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul, who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it, who has always looked for the best in others and given them the best he had, whose life was an inspiration, and whose memory is a benediction.—*Bessie A. Stanley.*

*The above transcribed on charcoal paper 12x15,
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EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY NEW YORK



O you read "The Philistine" magazine? Its author, Elbert Hubbard, is the greatest genius in this or any other country. Elbert Hubbard could be put down in the middle of the desert of Sahara and he would form the sand into sunbaked mementoes, with a few caustic hieroglyphics stamped thereon, and sell them to the passing camels and elephants and make a fortune. About sixteen years ago, Hubbard and his hired man set up, printed and bound a book themselves because Hubbard, the author of it, could get no one else to print it. He is now the most interesting and most widely read author in the country. He has a business that puts out a new branch every six months or less: book-making, furniture, iron ornaments, pictures, carpets, curtains, furniture, all made by hand and superfine. But Hubbard's latest scheme surpasses all the past ones. Every person who belongs to his Academy of Immortals, as he terms those who have paid ten dollars for a life subscription to "The Philistine," is requested to tear out a printed slip from the magazine calling for a free photograph of the holder to be taken by any one of a given number of photographers. The photograph is to be sent to the Roycroft Shop, the work place of Hubbard's output, where it will be bound in a book with other Immortals from a like territory, state, etc. The photographers are the very finest in the United States; Pirie McDonald of New York, who makes a specialty of men's pictures; Strauss of St. Louis, whose photographs are a household treasure in the West; George Steckel of Los Angeles, F. A. Rinehart of Omaha, and a dozen other artists in the principal cities of the country who are equally fine. The photograph will cost you nothing. Will you have it done? Well, we should say you will. You will buy a dozen for yourself at possibly twenty-five dollars a dozen. You will give them to your friends with the careless remark, "These are my Roycroft pictures." Then you will make a trip to the East Aurora, New York, put up at the Roycroft Phalansterie for two weeks, take daily peeps at your picture in with other celebrities, buy some hand-made books, furniture, rugs; and leave a standing order for a copy of each hand-illuminated edition printed.—Sabetha (Kansas) "Herald," October 4, 1906.



Amie

Fanny Osbourne

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PETRARCH
AND LAURA

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
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BALZAC AND
MADAME HANSKA
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MADAME GUYON
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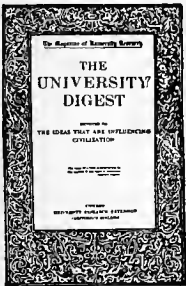
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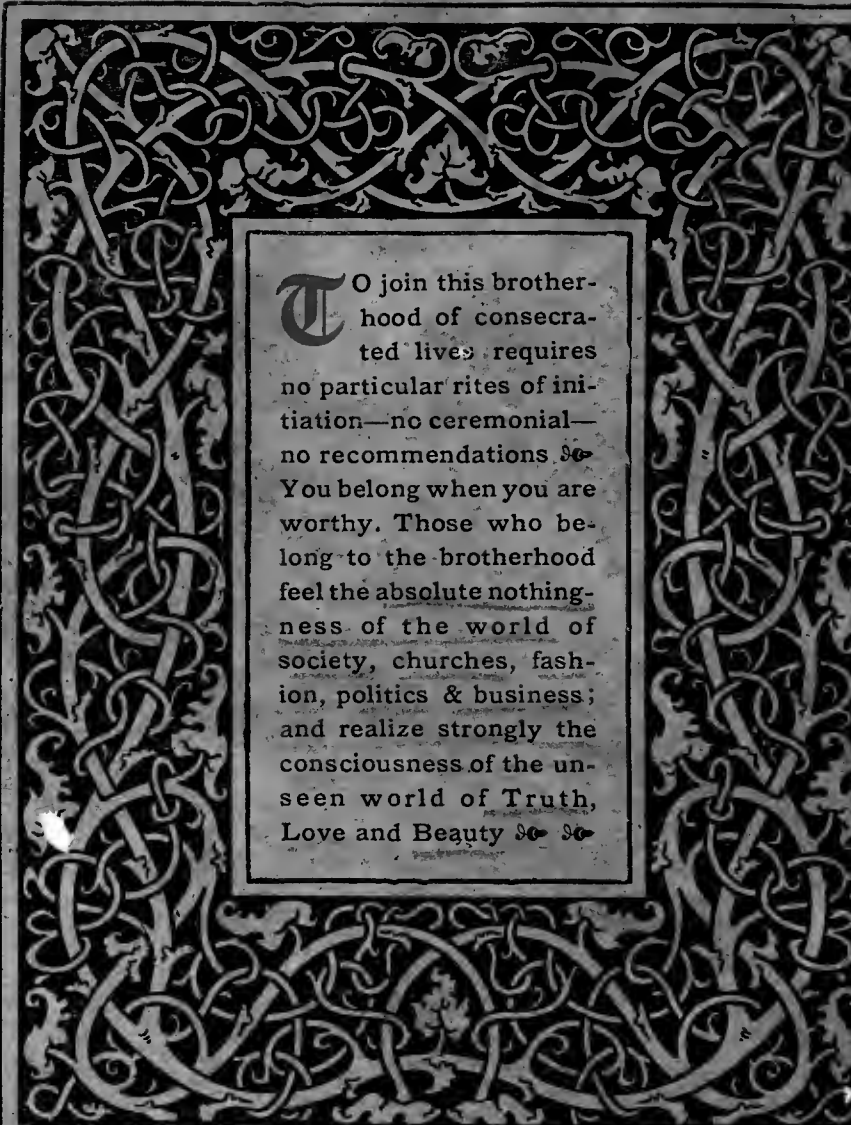
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